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THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON



JOHN MILTON AET. LXIII

# THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON

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VOLUME II

PART I

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1931

C O P Y R I G H T

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1931

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# PARADISE LOST

# Paradise lost.

A

## POEM

Written in

## TEN BOOKS

By JOHN MILTON.

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Licensed and Entered according  
to Order.

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London

Printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker  
under *Creed* Church neer *Aldgate*; And by  
*Robert Bawler* at the *Twick Head* in *Bishopsgate street*;  
And *Mathew Walker*, under *St. Dunstans Church*  
in *Fleet street*, 1567.





IN  
Paradisum Amissam  
Summi Poetæ  
JOHANNIS MILTONI.

**Q**ui legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni  
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?  
Res cunctas, & cunctarum primordia rerum,  
Et fata, & fines continet iste liber.

5 *Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,  
Scribitur & toto quicquid in Orbe latet.*  
*Terreæque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum  
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumque specus.*  
*Quæque colunt terras, Portumque & Tartara cœca,*  
10 *Quæque colunt summi lucida regna Poli.  
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,  
Et sine fine Chaos, & sine fine Deus:  
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,  
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.*  
15 *Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?  
Et tamen hæc bodie terra Britanna legit.  
O quantos in bella Duces! quæ protulit arma!  
Quæ canit, & quanta prælia dira tuba.  
Cœlestes acies! atque in certamine Cœlum!  
20 Et quæ Cœlestes pugna deceret agros!*

## IN PARADISUM AMISSAM

*Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis!  
 Atque ipso graditur vix Michaele minor!  
 Quantis, & quam funestis concurritur iris  
 Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!*

25 *Dum vulsos Montes ceu Tela reciproca torquent,  
 Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:  
 Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,  
 Et metuit pugnæ non superesse suæ.  
 At simul in cælis Messiae insignia fulgent,*

30 *Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,  
 Horrendumque rotæ strident, & sæva rotarum  
 Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,  
 Et flammæ vibrant, & vera tonitrua rauco  
 Admistis flammis insonuere Polo:*

35 *Excidit attonitis mens omnis, & impetus omnis  
 Et cassis dextris irrita Tela cadunt.  
 Ad pœnas fugiunt, & ceu foret Orcus asylum  
 Infernis certant condere se tenebris.  
 Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii*

40 *Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.  
 Hæc quicunque leget tantum cecinesse putabit  
 Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.*

S. B. M. D.

ON  
Paradise Lost.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,  
In slender Book his vast Design unfold,  
*Messiah* Crown'd, Gods Reconcil'd Decree,  
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,  
5 Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument  
Held me a while misdoubting his Intent,  
That he would ruine (for I saw him strong)  
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song  
(So *Sampson* groap'd the Temples Posts in spight)  
10 The World o'rewhelming to revenge his sight.  
Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,  
I lik'd his Project, the success did fear;  
Through that wide Field how he his way should find  
O're which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;  
15 Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,  
And what was easie he should render vain.  
Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,  
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
(Such as disquiet always what is well,  
20 And by ill imitating would excell)  
Might hence presume the whole Creations day  
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

## ON PARADISE LOST

Pardon me, Mighty Poet, nor despise  
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.

25 But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare  
Within thy Labours to pretend a share.  
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,  
And all that was improper dost omit:  
So that no room is here for Writers left,

30 But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.  
That Majesty which through thy Work doth Reign  
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.  
And things divine thou treatst of in such state  
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.

35 At once delight and horrour on us seise,  
Thou singst with so much gravity and ease;  
And above humane flight dost soar aloft  
With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.  
The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing

40 So never flaggs, but always keeps on Wing.  
Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?  
Whence furnish such a vast expence of mind?  
Just Heav'n thee like *Tiresias* to requite  
Rewards with Prophesie thy loss of sight.

45 Well mightst thou scorn thy Readers to allure  
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own sense secure;  
While the *Town-Bayes* writes all the while and spells,  
And like a Pack-horse tires without his Bells:  
Their Fancies like our Bushy-points appear,

50 The Poets tag them, we for fashion wear.

## ON PARADISE LOST

5

I too transported by the Mode offend,  
And while I meant to Praise thee must Commend.  
Thy Verse created like thy Theme sublime,  
In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

*A. M.*

## THE VERSE.

**T**HE Measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse then else they would have exprest them.

Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also long since our best English Tragedies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious ears, triveal and of no true musical delight; which consists onely in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory.

This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing.

# Paradise Lost.

---

## BOOK I.

---

### THE ARGUMENT.

This first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole Subject, *Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac't: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep.* Which action past over, the Poem hasts into the midst of things, presenting *Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describ'd here, not in the Center* (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) *but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, tbunder-struck and astonisbt, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of thir miserable fall. Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the same manner con-*

5  
10  
15

20 *founded; They rise, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir  
chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known af-  
terwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoyning. To  
these Satan directs his Speech, comforts them with hope  
yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new  
World and new kind of Creature to be created, according  
25 to an ancient Propesie or report in Heaven; for that  
Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the  
opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth  
of this Propesie, and what to determin thereon be refers  
to a full Council. What his Associates thence attempt.*  
30 *Pandemonium the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly built  
out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there sit in Council.*

O F Mans First Disobedience, and the Fruit  
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast  
Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,  
With loss of *Eden*, till one greater Man  
5 Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,  
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top  
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire  
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,  
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth  
10 Rose out of *Chaos*: Or if *Sion Hill*  
Delight thee more, and *Siloa's Brook* that flow'd  
Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar

15 Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.  
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first

20 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread  
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss  
And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark  
Illumin, what is low raise and support;  
That to the highth of this great Argument

25 I may assert Eternal Providence,  
And justifie the wayes of God to men.  
Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view  
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause  
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,

30 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off  
From thir Creator, and transgress his Will  
For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?  
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?  
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile

35 Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd  
The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride  
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host  
Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring  
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,

40 He trusted to have equal'd the most High,  
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim  
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God

Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
45 Hurld headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie  
With hideous ruine and combustion down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,  
Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.

50 Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night  
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew  
Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe  
Confounded though immortal: But his doom  
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought

55 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Torments him; round he throws his baleful eyes  
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay  
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:  
At once as far as Angels kenn he views

60 The dismal Situation waste and wilde,  
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd onely to discover sights of woe,

65 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
That comes to all; but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed  
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd:

70 Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd

For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd  
In utter darkness, and thir portion set  
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n  
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.

75 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
There the companions of his fall, o'rewhelm'd  
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side  
One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
80 Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd  
*Beelzebub*. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,  
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words  
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.  
If thou beest he; But O how fall'n! how chang'd  
85 From him, who in the happy Realms of Light  
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine  
Myriads though bright: If he whom mutual league,  
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,  
90 Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd  
In equal ruin: into what Pit thou seest  
From what highth fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd  
He with his Thunder: and till then who knew  
The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those,  
95 Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage  
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
Though chang'd in outward lustre; that fixt mind  
And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,

That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,  
100 And to the fierce contention brought along  
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd  
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd  
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,  
105 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost; the unconquerable Will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield:  
And what is else not to be overcome?  
110 That Glory never shall his wrath or might  
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power,  
Who from the terrour of this Arm so late  
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,  
115 That were an ignominy and shame beneath  
This downfall; since by Fate the strength of Gods  
And this Empyreal substance cannot fail,  
Since through experience of this great event  
In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,  
120 We may with more successful hope resolve  
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr  
Irreconcileable, to our grand Foe,  
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy  
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.  
125 So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain,  
Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep desp're:

And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.  
O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,  
That led th' imbattelld Seraphim to Warr  
130 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds  
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'ns perpetual King;  
And put to proof his high Supremacy,  
Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate,  
Too well I see and rue the dire event,  
135 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host  
In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences  
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
140 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state  
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.  
But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now  
Of force believe Almighty, since no less  
145 Then such could hav orepow'rd such force as ours)  
Have left us this our spirit and strength intire  
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
150 By right of Warr, what e're his business be  
Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,  
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep;  
What can it then avail though yet we feel  
Strength undiminisht, or eternal being

155 To undergo eternal punishment?  
Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd.  
    Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable  
    Doing or Suffering: but of this be sure,  
    To do ought good never will be our task,

160 But ever to do ill our sole delight,  
    As being the contrary to his high will  
    Whom we resist. If then his Providence  
    Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
    Our labour must be to pervert that end,

165 And out of good still to find means of evil;  
    Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps  
    Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
    His inmost counsels from thir destind aim.  
    But see the angry Victor hath recall'd

170 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
    Back to the Gates of Heav'n: the Sulphurous Hail  
    Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid  
    The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice  
    Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,

175 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,  
    Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
    To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.  
    Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,  
    Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.

180 Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde,  
    The seat of desolation, voyd of light,  
    Save what the glimmering of these livid flames

Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,  
185 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,  
And reassembling our afflicted Powers,  
Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,  
How overcome this dire Calamity,  
190 What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,  
If not what resolution from desp're.

Thus Satan talking to his neerest Mate  
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides  
195 Prone on the Flood, extended long and large  
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,  
*Titaniian, or Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,  
*Briareos* or *Typhon*, whom the Den  
200 By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast  
*Leviathan*, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:  
Him haply slumbring on the *Norway* foam  
The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,  
205 Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,  
With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind  
Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night  
Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delayes:  
So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay  
210 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence

Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will  
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
215 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see  
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth  
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn  
On Man by him seduc't, but on himself  
220 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.  
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool  
His mighty Stature; on each hand the flames  
Drivn backward slope thir pointing spires, and rowld  
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid Vale.  
225 Then with expanded wings he stears his flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air  
That felt unusual weight, till on dry Land  
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd  
With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire;  
230 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force  
Of subterranean wind transports a Hill  
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side  
Of thundring *Ætna*, whose combustible  
And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,  
235 Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,  
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd  
With stench and smoak: Such resting found the sole  
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate,

Both glorying to have scap't the *Stygian* flood  
240 As Gods, and by thir own recover'd strength,  
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,  
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat  
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom  
245 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he  
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid  
What shall be right: fardest from him is best  
Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream  
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields

250 Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrours, hail  
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell  
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings  
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.  
The mind is its own place, and in it self

255 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.  
What matter where, if I be still the same,  
And what I should be, all but less then he  
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built

260 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:  
Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce  
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:  
Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.  
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,

265 Th' associates and copartners of our loss  
Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,

And call them not to share with us their part  
In this unhappy Mansion, or once more  
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet  
270 Regaind in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?  
So *Satan* spake, and him *Beelzebub*  
Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,  
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyl'd,  
If once they hear that voyce, thir liveliest pledge  
275 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft  
In worst extreams, and on the perilous edge  
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults  
Thir surest signal, they will soon resume  
New courage and revive, though now they lye  
280 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,  
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,  
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.  
He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend  
Was moving toward the shoar; his ponderous shield  
285 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,  
Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb  
Through Optic Glass the *Tuscan* Artist views  
At Ev'ning from the top of *Fesole*,  
290 Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands,  
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.  
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine  
Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Mast  
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,

295 He walkt with to support uneasie steps  
Over the burning Marle, not like those steps  
On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime  
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire;  
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach  
300 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd  
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't  
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks  
In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* shades  
High overarch't imbowr; or scatterd sedge  
305 Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd  
Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves orethrew  
*Busiris* and his *Memphian* Chivalry,  
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd  
The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld  
310 From the safe shore thir floating Carkases  
And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown  
Abject and lost lay these, covering the Flood,  
Under amazement of thir hideous change.  
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep  
315 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,  
Warriers, the Flowr of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,  
If such astonishment as this can sieze  
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place  
After the toyl of Battel to repose  
320 Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find  
To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n?  
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn

To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds  
 Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood

325 With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, till anon  
 His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern  
 Th' advantage, and descending tread us down  
 Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.

330 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.  
 They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch  
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.

335 Nor did they not perceave the evil plight  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
 Yet to thir Generals Voyce they soon obeyd  
 Innumerable. As when the potent Rod  
 Of *Amrams* Son in *Egypt*s evill day

340 Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud  
 Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,  
 That ore the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung  
 Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*:  
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen

345 Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell  
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires;  
 Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear  
 Of thir great Sultan waving to direct  
 Thir course, in even ballance down they light

350 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain;

A multitude, like which the populous North  
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass  
*Rhene* or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons  
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread  
355 Beneath *Gibralter* to the *Lybian* sands.

Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band  
The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood  
Thir great Commander; Godlike shapes and forms  
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,

360 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones;  
Though of thir Names in heav'nly Records now  
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd  
By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.  
Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*

365 Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,  
Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,  
By falsities and lyes the greatest part  
Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake  
God thir Creator, and th' invisible

370 Glory of him that made them, to transform  
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd  
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,  
And Devils to adore for Deities:  
Then were they known to men by various Names,

375 And various Idols through the Heathen World.  
Say, Muse, thir Names then known, who first, who last,  
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,  
At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth

Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
 380 While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof?  
 The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell  
 Roaming to seek thir prey on earth, durst fix  
 Thir Seats long after next the Seat of God,  
 Thir Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd  
 385 Among the Nations round, and durst abide  
*Jehovah* thundring out of *Sion*, thron'd  
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd  
 Within his Sanctuary it self thir Shrines,  
 Abominations; and with cursed things  
 390 His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd,  
 And with thir darkness durst affront his light.  
 First *Moloch*, horrid King besmear'd with blood  
 Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,  
 Though for the noyse of Drums and Timbrels loud  
 395 Thir childrens cries unheard, that past through fire  
 To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*  
 Worshipt in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,  
 In *Argob* and in *Basan*, to the stream  
 Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such  
 400 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart  
 Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build  
 His Temple right against the Temple of God  
 On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove  
 The pleasant Vally of *Hinnom*, *Tophet* thence  
 405 And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.  
 Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moabs* Sons,

From *Aroar* to *Nebo*, and the wild  
Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*  
And *Horonaim*, *Seons* Realm, beyond

410 The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines,  
And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool.  
*Peor* his other Name, when he entic'd  
*Israel* in *Sittim* on thir march from *Nile*  
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.

415 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd  
Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove  
Of *Moloch* homicide, lust hard by hate;  
Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.  
With these came they, who from the bordring flood

420 Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts  
*Egypt* from *Syrian* ground, had general Names  
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those male,  
These Feminine. For Spirits when they please  
Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft

425 And uncompounded is thir Essence pure,  
Not ti'd or manacl'd with joyst or limb,  
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose  
Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,

430 Can execute thir aerie purposes,  
And works of love or enmity fulfill.  
For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook  
Thir living strength, and unfrequented left  
His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down

435 To bestial Gods; for which thir heads as low  
 Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear  
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
 Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd  
*Astarte*, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns;

440 To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon  
*Sidonian* Virgins paid thir Vows and Songs,  
 In *Sion* also not unsung, where stood  
 Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built  
 By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,

445 Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell  
 To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd  
 The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate  
 In amorous dittyes all a Summers day,

450 While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock  
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood  
 Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the Love-tale  
 Infected *Sions* daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch

455 *Ezekiel* saw, when by the Vision led  
 His eye survay'd the dark Idolatries  
 Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one  
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark  
 Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off

460 In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge,  
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers:  
*Dagon* his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man

And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high  
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast

465 Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*  
And *Accaron* and *Gaza*'s frontier bounds.  
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat  
Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertil Banks  
Of *Abbana* and *Pharpar*, lucid streams.

470 He also against the house of God was bold:  
A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,  
*Ahaz* his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew  
Gods Altar to disparage and displace  
For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn

475 His odious offrings, and adore the Gods  
Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd  
A crew who under Names of old Renown,  
*Osiris*, *Isis*, *Orus* and their Train  
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd

480 Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek  
Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms  
Rather then human. Nor did *Israel* scape  
Th' infection when thir borrow'd Gold compos'd  
The Calf in *Oreb*: and the Rebel King

485 Doubl'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,  
Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,  
*Jehovah*, who in one Night when he pass'd  
From *Egypt* marching, equal'd with one stroke  
Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.

490 *Belial* came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd

Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood  
 Or Altar smoak'd; yet who more oft then hee  
 In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest  
 495 Turns Atheist, as did *Ely's* Sons, who fill'd  
 With lust and violence the house of God.  
 In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns  
 And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse  
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest Towrs,  
 500 And injury and outrage: And when Night  
 Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons  
 Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night  
 In *Gibeah*, when the hospitable door  
 505 Expos'd a Matron to avoid worse rape.  
 These were the prime in order and in might;  
 The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,  
 Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javans* Issue held  
 Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth  
 510 Thir boasted Parents; *Titan* Heav'ns first born  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seis'd  
 By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*  
 His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found;  
 So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in *Creet*  
 515 And *Ida* known, thence on the Snowy top  
 Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air  
 Thir highest Heav'n; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,  
 Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds

Of *Doric* Land; or who with *Saturn* old  
520 Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields,  
And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles.  
All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd  
Obscure some glimps of joy, to have found thir chief  
525 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast  
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd  
530 Thir fanning courage, and dispel'd thir fears.  
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound  
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upreard  
His mighty Standard; that proud honour claim'd  
*Azazel* as his right, a Cherube tall:  
535 Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld  
Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't  
Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind  
With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,  
Seraphic arms and Trophies: all the while  
540 Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds:  
At which the universal Host upset  
A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond  
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
545 Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air  
With Orient Colours waving: with them rose

A Forrest huge of Spears: and thronging Helms  
Appear'd, and serried Shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable: Anon they move

550 In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood  
Of Flutes and soft Recorders; such as rais'd  
To hight of noblest temper Hero's old  
Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage  
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd

555 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase  
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain  
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they

560 Breathing united force with fixed thought  
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd  
Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now  
Advanc't in view, they stand, a horrid Front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise

565 Of Warriers old with order'd Spear and Shield,  
Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief  
Had to impose: He through the armed Files  
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse  
The whole Battalion views, thir order due,

570 Thir visages and stature as of Gods,  
Thir number last he summs. And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength  
Glories: For never since created man,  
Met such imbodyed force, as nam'd with these

575 Could merit more then that small infantry  
Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood  
Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd  
That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each side  
Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds

580 In Fable or *Romance* of *Uthers* Son  
Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights;  
And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel  
Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*,  
*Damasco*, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisond*,

585 Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shore  
When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell  
By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond  
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
Thir dread commander: he above the rest

590 In shape and gesture proudly eminent  
Stood like a Towr; his form had yet not lost  
All her Original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th' excess  
Of Glory obscur'd: As when the Sun new ris'n

595 Looks through the Horizontal misty Air  
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon  
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the Nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon

600 Above them all th' Arch Angel: but his face  
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes

Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride  
 Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
 605 Signs of remorse and passion to behold  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd  
 For ever now to have thir lot in pain,  
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't  
 610 Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung  
 For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,  
 Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire  
 Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,  
 With singed top thir stately growth though bare  
 615 Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd  
 To speak; whereat thir doubl'd Ranks they bend  
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
 With all his Peers: attention held them mute.  
 Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spight of scorn,  
 620 Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last  
 Words interwove with sighs found out thir way.  
 O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers  
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife  
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,  
 625 As this place testifies, and this dire change  
 Hateful to utter: but what power of mind  
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth  
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,  
 How such united force of Gods, how such  
 630 As stood like these, could ever know repulse?

For who can yet beleeve, though after loss,  
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend  
Self-rais'd, and reposess thir native seat?

635 For mee be witness all the Host of Heav'n,  
If counsels different, or danger shun'd  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure  
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,

640 Consent or custome, and his Regal State  
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own  
So as not either to provoke, or dread

645 New warr, provok't; our better part remains  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile  
What force effected not: that he no less  
At length from us may find, who overcomes  
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

650 Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife  
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation, whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:

655 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:  
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold  
Cælestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyss

Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts

660 Full Counsel must mature: Peace is despaird,  
For who can think Submission? Warr then, Warr  
Open or understood must be resolv'd.

He spake: and to confirm his words, out-flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs

665 Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze  
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd  
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped Arms  
Clash'd on thir sounding Shields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance toward the Vault of Heav'n.

670 There stood a Hill not far whose griesly top  
Belch'd fire and rowling smoak; the rest entire  
Shon with a glossie scurff, undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,  
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed

675 A numerous Brigad hasten'd. As when Bands  
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickax arm'd  
Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,  
Or cast a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,  
*Mammon*, the least erected Spirit that fell

680 From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trod'n Gold,  
Then aught divine or holy else enjoy'd  
In vision beatific: by him first

685 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
Ransack'd the Center, and with impious hands

Rifl'd the bowels of thir mother Earth  
For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
Op'nd into the Hill a spacious wound  
690 And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire  
That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best  
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell  
Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings  
695 Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,  
And Strength and Art are easily out-done  
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
What in an age they with incessant toyle  
And hands innumerable scarce perform.  
700 Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd,  
That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude  
With wond'rous Art found out the massie Ore,  
Severing each kind, and scum'd the Bullion dross:  
705 A third as soon had form'd within the ground  
A various mould, and from the boyling cells  
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,  
As in an Organ from one blast of wind  
To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.  
710 Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge  
Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound  
Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a Temple, where *Pilasters* round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid

715 With Golden Architrave; nor did there want  
 Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,  
 The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babilon*,  
 Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence  
 Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine  
 720 *Belus* or *Serapis* thir Gods, or seat  
 Thir Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Assyria* strove  
 In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile  
 Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores  
 Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide  
 725 Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth  
 And level pavement: from the arched roof  
 Pendant by subtle Magic many a row  
 Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed  
 With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yeilded light  
 730 As from a sky. The hasty multitude  
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise  
 And some the Architect: his hand was known  
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,  
 Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,  
 735 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his Hierarchie, the Orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd  
 In ancient *Greece*; and in *Ausonian* land  
 740 Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell  
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*  
 Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements; from Morn

To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,  
A Summers day; and with the setting Sun

745 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,  
On *Lemnos* th' *Ægæan* Ile: thus they relate,  
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now  
To have built in Heav'n high Towns; nor did he scape

750 By all his Engins, but was headlong sent  
With his industrious crew to build in hell.

Mean while the winged Haralds by command  
Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony  
And Trumpets sound throughout the Host proclaim

755 A solemn Council forthwith to be held  
At *Pandæmonium*, the high Capital  
Of Satan and his Peers: thir summons call'd  
From every Band and squared Regiment  
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon

760 With hunderds and with thousands trooping came  
Attended: all access was throng'd, the Gates  
And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall  
(Though like a cover'd field, where Champions bold  
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair

765 Defi'd the best of *Panim* chivalry  
To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)  
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,  
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As Bees  
In spring time, when the Sun with *Taurus* rides,

770 Pour forth thir populous youth about the Hive

In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,  
The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,  
New rub'd with Baum, expatiate and confer  
775 Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd  
Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n,  
Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd  
In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons  
Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room  
780 Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race  
Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faerie Elves,  
Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side  
Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon  
785 Sits Arbitress, and neerer to the Earth  
Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth and dance  
Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear;  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms  
790 Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at large,  
Though without number still amidst the Hall  
Of that infernal Court. But far within  
And in thir own dimensions like themselves  
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim  
795 In close recess and secret conclave sat  
A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seat's,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then  
And summons read, the great consult began.

*The End of the First Book.*

# Paradise Lost.

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## BOOK II.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is prefer'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that Prophesie or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferiour to themselves, about this time to be created: Thir doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan thir chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honour'd and applauded. The Councel thus ended, the rest betake them several wayes and to several imployments, as thir inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are op'nd, and discover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.*

5

10

15

**H**IGH on a Throne of Royal State, which far  
Outshon the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showrs on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl and Gold,  
5 Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd  
To that bad eminence; and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by success untaught  
10 His proud imaginations thus displaid.

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,  
For since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigor, though opprest and fall'n,  
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent  
15 Celestial vertues rising, will appear  
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate:  
Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n  
Did first create your Leader, next free choice,  
20 With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,  
Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loss  
Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more  
Establisht in a safe unenvied Throne  
Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
25 In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw  
Envy from each inferior; but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Formost to stand against the Thunderers aim

Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
30 Of endless pain? where there is then no good  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
From Faction; for none sure will claim in Hell  
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small  
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
35 Will covet more. With this advantage then  
To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,  
More then can be in Heav'n, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper then prosperity  
40 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,  
Whether of open Warr or covert guile,  
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.  
He ceas'd, and next him *Moloc*, Scepter'd King  
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit  
45 That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair:  
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd  
Equal in strength, and rather then be less  
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse  
50 He reck'd not, and these words thereafter spake.  
My sentence is for open Warr: Of Wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.  
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
55 Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait  
The Signal to ascend, sit lingring here

Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place  
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,  
The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns

60 By our delay? no, let us rather choose  
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once  
O're Heav'ns high Towns to force resistless way,  
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms  
Against the Torturer; when to meet the noise

65 Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear  
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels; and his Throne it self  
Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and strange fire,

70 His own invented Torments. But perhaps  
The way seems difficult and steep to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe.  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful Lake benumm not still,

75 That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat: descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late  
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear .  
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,

80 With what compulsion and laborious flight  
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then;  
Th' event is fear'd; should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
To our destruction: if there be in Hell

85 Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse  
Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd  
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end

90 The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge  
Inexorably, and the torturing hour  
Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then thus  
We should be quite abolisht and expire.  
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense

95 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential, happier farr  
Then miserable to have eternal being:  
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,

100 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,  
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:

105 Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.  
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous  
To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose  
*Belial*, in act more graceful and humane;

110 A fairer person lost not Heav'n; he seemd  
For dignity compos'd and high exploit:  
But all was false and hollow; though his Tongue

Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash

115   Maturest Counsels: for his thoughts were low;  
    To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds  
    Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,  
    And with perswasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,

120   As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd  
    Main reason to perswade immediate Warr,  
    Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
    Ominous conjecture on the whole success:  
    When he who most excels in fact of Arms,

125   In what he counsels and in what excels  
    Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
    And utter dissolution, as the scope  
    Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

First, what Revenge? the Towsrs of Heav'n are fill'd

130   With Armed watch, that render all access  
    Impregnable; oft on the bordering Deep  
    Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing  
    Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,  
    Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way

135   By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
    With blackest Insurrection, to confound  
    Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemy  
    All incorruptible would on his Throne  
    Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould

140   Incapable of stain would soon expel

Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire  
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,

145 And that must end us, that must be our cure,  
To be no more; sad cure; for who would loose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowd up and lost

150 In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe  
Can give it, or will ever? how he can  
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.

155 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
To give his Enemies thir wish, and end  
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?

160 Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed,  
Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse? is this then worst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms?

165 What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook  
With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and besought  
The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay

Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse.

170 What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires  
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage  
And plunge us in the flames? or from above  
Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
His red right hand to plague us? what if all  
175 Her stores were open'd, and this Firmament  
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire  
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
Designing or exhorting glorious warr,

180 Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd  
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey  
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains;  
There to converse with everlasting groans,

185 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,  
Ages of hopeless end; this would be worse.  
Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
My voice disswades; for what can force or guile  
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye

190 Views all things at one view? he from heav'ns hight  
All these our motions vain, sees and derides;  
Not more Almighty to resist our might  
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we then live thus vile, the Race of Heav'n

195 Thus trAMPL'd, thus expell'd to suffer here  
Chains and these Torments? better these then worse

By my advice; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree,  
The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,

200 Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust  
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold

205 And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear  
What yet they know must follow, to endure  
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of thir Conquerour: This is now  
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,

210 Our Supream Foe in time may much remit  
His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd  
Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd  
With what is punish't; whence these raging fires  
Will slack'n, if his breath stir not thir flames.

215 Our purer essence then will overcome  
Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,  
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conformd  
In temper and in nature, will receive  
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;

220 This horror will grow milde, this darkness light,  
Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
Of future dayes may bring, what chance, what change  
Worth waiting, since our present lot appeers  
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,

225 If we procure not to our selves more woe.

Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reasons garb  
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,  
Not peace: and after him thus *Mammon* spake.

Either to disinthrone the King of Heav'n

230 We warr, if warr be best, or to regain  
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then  
May hope when everlasting Fate shall yeild  
To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the strife:  
The former vain to hope argues as vain

235 The latter: for what place can be for us  
Within Heav'n's bound, unless Heav'n's Lord supream  
We overpower? Suppose he should relent  
And publish Grace to all, on promise made  
Of new Subjection; with what eyes could we

240 Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne  
With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
Forc't Halleluiah's; while he Lordly sits  
Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes

245 Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,  
Our servile offerings. This must be our task  
In Heav'n this our delight; how wearisom  
Eternity so spent in worship paid  
To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue

250 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd  
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state  
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek

Our own good from our selves, and from our own  
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,  
255 Free, and to none accountable, preferring  
Hard liberty before the easie yoke  
Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appeer  
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,  
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse  
260 We can create, and in what place so e're  
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
Through labour and indurance. This deep world  
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire  
265 Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,  
And with the Majesty of darkness round  
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar  
Must'ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?  
As he our darkness, cannot we his Light  
270 Imitate when we please? This Desart soile  
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and Gold;  
Nor want we skill or Art, from whence to raise  
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?  
Our torments also may in length of time  
275 Become our Elements, these piercing Fires  
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd  
Into their temper; which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain. All things invite  
To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State  
280 Of order, how in safety best we may

Compose our present evils, with regard  
 Of what we are and were, dismissing quite  
 All thoughts of warr: ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finisht, when such murmur fill'd

285 Th' Assemby, as when hollow Rocks retain  
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
 Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance  
 Or Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay

290 After the Tempest: Such applause was heard  
 As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,  
 Advising peace: for such another Field  
 They dreaded worse then Hell: so much the fear  
 Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*

295 Wrought still within them; and no less desire  
 To found this nether Empire, which might rise  
 By pollicy, and long process of time,  
 In emulation opposite to Heav'n.  
 Which when *Beelzebub* perceiv'd, then whom,

300 *Satan* except, none higher sat, with grave  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
 A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven  
 Deliberation sat and public care;  
 And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,

305 Majestic though in ruin: sage he stood  
 With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear  
 The weight of mightiest Monarchies; his look  
 Drew audience and attention still as Night

Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

310    Thrones and Imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n  
Ethereal Vertues; or these Titles now  
Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd  
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote  
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here

315    A growing Empire; doubtless; while we dream,  
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd  
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat  
Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt  
From Heav'ns high jurisdiction, in new League

320    Banded against his Throne, but to remaine  
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,  
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd  
His captive multitude: For he, be sure  
In heighth or depth, still first and last will Reign

325    Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part  
By our revolt, but over Hell extend  
His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule  
Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.  
What sit we then projecting peace and Warr?

330    Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loss  
Irreparable; tearms of peace yet none  
Voutsaf't or sought; for what peace will be giv'n  
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,  
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment

335    Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
But to our power hostility and hate,

Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,  
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice

340 In doing what we most in suffering feel?  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dangerous expedition to invade  
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege,  
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find

345 Some easier enterprize? There is a place  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n  
Err not) another World, the happy seat  
Of some new Race call'd *Man*, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less

350 In power and excellence, but favour'd more  
Of him who rules above; so was his will  
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,  
That shook Heav'n's whol circumference, confirm'd.  
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn

355 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,  
Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,  
And where thir weakness, how attempted best,  
By force or suttlety: Though Heav'n be shut,  
And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure

360 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd  
The utmost border of his Kingdom, left  
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps  
Som advantagious act may be achiev'd  
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire

365 To waste his whole Creation, or possess  
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,  
The punie habitants, or if not drive,  
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God  
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand  
370 Abolish his own works. This would surpass  
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy  
In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise  
In his disturbance; when his darling Sons  
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
375 Thir frail Original, and faded bliss,  
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth  
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Beelzebub*  
Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd  
380 By *Satan*, and in part propos'd: for whence,  
But from the Author of all ill could Spring  
So deep a malice, to confound the race  
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell  
To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
385 The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves  
His glory to augment. The bold design  
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy  
Sparkl'd in all thir eyes; with full assent  
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renewes.  
390 Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,  
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,  
Great things resolv'd; which from the lowest deep

Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,  
Neerer our ancient Seat; perhaps in view

395 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms  
And opportune excursion we may chance  
Re-enter Heav'n; or else in some milde Zone  
Dwell not unvisited of Heav'ns fair Light  
Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam

400 Purge off this gloom; the soft delicious Air,  
To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires  
Shall breathe her balme. But first whom shall we send  
In search of this new world, whom shall we find  
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet

405 The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight  
Upborn with indefatigable wings  
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive

410 The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then  
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick  
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
All circumspection, and we now no less

415 Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,  
The weight of all and our last hope relies.  
This said, he sat; and expectation held  
His look suspence, awaiting who appeer'd  
To second, or oppose, or undertake

420 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,

Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
In others count'rance read his own dismay  
Astonisht: none among the choice and prime  
Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be found

425 So hardie as to proffer or accept  
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last  
*Satan*, whom now transcendent glory rais'd  
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride  
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

430 O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyreal Thrones,  
With reason hath deep silence and demurr  
Seis'd us, though undismaid: long is the way  
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;  
Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,

435 Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant  
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.  
These past, if any pass, the void profound  
Of unessential Night receives him next

440 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being  
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.  
If thence he scape into whatever world,  
Or unknown Region, what remains him less  
Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.

445 But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,  
And this Imperial Sov'rancy, adorn'd  
With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd  
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape

Of difficulty or danger could deterr  
450 Mee from attempting. Wherfore do I assume  
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
To him who Reigns, and so much to him due  
455 Of hazard more, as he above the rest  
High honourd sits? Go therfore mighty Powers,  
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,  
While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
The present misery, and render Hell  
460 More tollerable; if there be cure or charm  
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain  
Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch  
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad  
Through all the Coasts of dark destruction seek  
465 Deliverance for us all: this enterprize  
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose  
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,  
Prudent, least from his resolution rais'd  
Others among the chief might offer now  
470 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they feard;  
And so refus'd might in opinion stand  
His Rivals, winning cheap the high reput  
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
Dreaded not more th' adventure then his voice  
475 Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;  
Thir rising all at once was as the sound

Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
With awful reverence prone; and as a God  
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:

480 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,  
That for the general safety he despis'd  
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd  
Loose all thir virtue; least bad men should boast  
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,

485 Or clos ambition varnisht o're with zeal.  
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark  
Ended rejoicing in thir matchless Chief:  
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'respread

490 Heav'ns cheerful face, the lowring Element  
Scowls ore the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre;  
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds

495 Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.  
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd  
Firm concord holds, men onely disagree  
Of Creatures rational, though under hope  
Of heavenly Grace: and God proclaiming peace,

500 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife  
Among themselves, and levie cruel warres,  
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:  
As if (which might induce us to accord)  
Man had not hellish foes anow besides,

505 That day and night for his destruction waite.  
The *Stygian* Counsel thus dissolv'd; and forth  
In order came the grand infernal Peers,  
Midst came thir mighty Paramount, and seemd  
Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less

510 Than Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream,  
And God-like imitated State; him round  
A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd  
With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.  
Then of thir Session ended they bid cry

515 With Trumpets regal sound the great result:  
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
Put to thir mouths the sounding Alchymie  
By Haralds voice explain'd: the hollow Abyss  
Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell

520 With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim.  
Thence more at ease thir minds and somwhat rais'd  
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers  
Disband, and wandring, each his several way  
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice

525 Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find  
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
The irksom hours, till this great Chief return.  
Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime  
Upon the wing, or in swift Race contend,

530 As at th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields;  
Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal  
With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.

As when to warn proud Cities warr appears  
Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies rush

535 To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van  
Prick forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir Spears  
Till thickest Legions close; with feats of Arms  
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.  
Others with vast *Typhœan* rage more fell

540 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air  
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.  
As when *Alcides* from *Oechalia* Crown'd  
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore  
Through pain up by the roots *Thessalian* Pines,

545 And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw  
Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more milde,  
Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
With notes Angelical to many a Harp  
Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall

550 By doom of Battel; and complain that Fate  
Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.  
Thir Song was partial, but the harmony  
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)  
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment

555 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)  
Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,

560 Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledg absolute,

And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.  
Of good and evil much they argu'd then,  
Of happiness and final misery,  
Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,  
565 Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie:  
Yet with a pleasing sorcerie could charm  
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest  
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
570 Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands,  
On bold adventure to discover wide  
That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps  
Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks  
575 Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge  
Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams;  
Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,  
Sad *Acheron* of sorrow, black and deep;  
*Cocytus*, nam'd of lamentation loud  
580 Heard on the ruful stream; fierce *Phlegeton*  
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,  
*Lethe* the River of Oblivion roules  
Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,  
585 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.  
Beyond this flood a frozen Continent  
Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms

Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land  
590 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,  
A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog  
Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,  
Where Armies whole have sunk: the parching Air  
595 Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.  
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,  
At certain revolutions all the damn'd  
Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,  
600 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice  
Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,  
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.  
They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound  
605 Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,  
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose  
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
All in one moment, and so neer the brink;  
610 But Fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt  
*Medusa* with *Gorgonian* terror guards  
The Ford, and of it self the water flies  
All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on  
615 In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventrous Bands  
With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast

View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found

No rest: through many a dark and drearie Vaile  
They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,

620 O're many a Frozen, many a fierie Alpe,  
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of death,  
A Universe of death, which God by curse

Created evil, for evil only good,

Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,

625 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
*Gorgons* and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,

630 *Satan* with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,  
Puts on swift wings, and towards the Gates of Hell  
Explores his solitary flight; som times  
He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,  
Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soares  
635 Up to the fiery Concave touring high.

As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd

Hangs in the Clouds, by *Æquinoctial* Winds

Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Iles

Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring

640 Thir spicie Drugs: they on the Trading Flood  
Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape  
Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd  
Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer  
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,

645 And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were Brass,  
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,  
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,  
Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat  
On either side a formidable shape;

650 The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair,  
But ended foul in many a scaly fould  
Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd  
With mortal sting: about her middle round  
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd

655 With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung  
A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,  
If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her woomb,  
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,  
Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd than these

660 Vex'd *Scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts  
*Calabria* from the hoarce *Trinacrian* shore:  
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd  
In secret, riding through the Air she comes  
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance

665 With *Lapland* Witches, while the labouring Moon  
Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,  
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none  
Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,  
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,

670 For each seem'd either; black it stood as Night,  
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
And shook a dreadful Dart; what seem'd his head

The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.

*Satan* was now at hand, and from his seat

675 The Monster moving onward came as fast  
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.  
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,  
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,  
Created thing naught valu'd he nor shun'd;

680 And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,  
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated Front athwart my way  
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,

685 That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee:  
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply'd,  
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,

690 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then  
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms  
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Sons  
Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou  
And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd

695 To waste Eternal dayes in woe and pain?  
And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,  
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn  
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,  
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,

700 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,

Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue  
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart  
Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grieslie terrour, and in shape,  
705 So speaking and so threatning, grew tenfold  
More dreadful and deform: on th' other side  
Incest with indignation *Satan* stood  
Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,  
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge

710 In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes Pestilence and Warr. Each at the Head  
Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands  
No second stroke intend, and such a frown  
Each cast at th' other, as when two black Clouds

715 With Heav'ns Artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front  
Hov'ring a space, till Winds the signal blow  
To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:  
So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell

720 Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood;  
For never but once more was either like  
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds  
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,  
Had not the Snakie Sorceress that sat

725 Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,  
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.  
O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,  
Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,

Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart

730 Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom;  
 For him who sits above and laughs the while  
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute  
 What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,  
 His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

735 She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest  
 Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd:  
 So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange  
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand  
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds  
 740 What it intends; till first I know of thee,  
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why  
 In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st  
 Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son?  
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now  
 745 Sight more detestable then him and thee.

T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd;  
 Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem  
 Now in thine eyes so foul, once deemd so fair  
 In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight  
 750 Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd  
 In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,  
 All on a sudden miserable pain  
 Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm  
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast  
 755 Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,  
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,

Then shining heav'ly fair, a Goddess arm'd  
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seis'd  
All th' Host of Heav'n; back they recoild affraid  
760 At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign  
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,  
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won  
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft  
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing  
765 Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st  
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd  
A growing burden. Mean while Warr arose,  
And fields were fought in Heav'n; wherein remaind  
(For what could else) to our Almighty Foe  
770 Cleer Victory, to our part loss and rout  
Through all the Empyrean: down they fell  
Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down  
Into this Deep, and in the general fall  
I also; at which time this powerful Key  
775 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep  
These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass  
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat  
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb  
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown  
780 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.  
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest  
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way  
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain  
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew

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Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew

785 Transform'd: but he my inbred enemie  
Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart  
Made to destroy: I fled, and cry'd out *Death*;  
Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd  
From all her Caves, and back resounded *Death*.

790 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems,  
Inflam'd with lust then rage) and swifter far,  
Mee overtook his mother all dismaid,  
And in embraces forcible and foule  
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot

795 These yelling Monsters that with ceasless cry  
Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd  
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
To me, for when they list into the womb  
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw

800 My Bowels, thir repast; then bursting forth  
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,  
That rest or intermission none I find.  
Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,

805 And me his Parent would full soon devour  
For want of other prey, but that he knows  
His end with mine involvd; and knows that I  
Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,  
When ever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.

810 But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun  
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,

Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,  
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

815 She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore  
Soon learnt, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.  
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,  
And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge  
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys

820 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change  
Befalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know  
I come no enemie, but to set free  
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,  
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host

825 Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd  
Fell with us from on high: from them I go  
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread  
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void immense

830 To search with wandring quest a place foretold  
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now  
Created vast and round, a place of bliss  
In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't  
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply

835 Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,  
Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude  
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught  
Then this more secret now design'd, I haste  
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,

840 And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death

Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd  
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd  
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

845 He ceas'd, for both seemd highly pleasd, and Death  
Grinnd horrible a gastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his mawe  
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd  
His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.

850 The key of this infernal Pit by due,  
And by command of Heav'ns all-powerful King  
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock  
These Adamantine Gates; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,

855 Fearless to be o'rmatcht by living might.  
But what ow I to his commands above  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,  
To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,

860 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born,  
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,  
With terrors and with clamors compasst round  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:  
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou

865 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon  
To that new world of light and bliss, among  
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign

At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems

870 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.  
Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
And towards the Gate rouling her bestial train,  
Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,

875 Which but her self not all the *Stygian* powers  
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns  
Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar  
Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease  
Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie

880 With impetuous recoile and jarring sound  
Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges grate  
Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of *Erebus*. She op'nd, but to shut  
Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood,

885 That with extended wings a Bannerd Host  
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through  
With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;  
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.

890 Before thir eyes in sudden view appear  
The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark  
Illimitable Ocean without bound,  
Without dimension, where length, breadth, & highth,  
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night

895 And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal *Anarchie*, amidst the noise

Of endless Warrs, and by confusion stand.  
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce  
Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring  
900 Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag  
Of each his Faction, in thir several Clanns,  
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,  
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands  
Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,  
905 Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise  
Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,  
Hee rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,  
And by decision more imbroiles the fray  
By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter  
910 *Chance* governs all. Into this wilde Abyss,  
The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,  
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,  
But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt  
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,  
915 Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more Worlds,  
Into this wild Abyss the warie fiend  
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,  
Pondering his Voyage; for no narrow frith  
920 He had to cross. Nor was his eare less peal'd  
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare  
Great things with small) then when *Bellona* storms,  
With all her battering Engines bent to rase  
Som Capital City; or less then if this frame

925 Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements  
In mutinie had from her Axe torn  
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes  
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak  
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League

930 As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides  
Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets  
A vast vacuitie: all unawares  
Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops  
Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour

935 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance  
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud  
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him  
As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,  
Quencht in a Boggie *Syrtis*, neither Sea,

940 Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares,  
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.  
As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness  
With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,

945 Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by stelth  
Had from his wakeful custody purloind  
The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend  
Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,

950 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flyes:  
At length a universal hubbub wilde  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd

Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare  
With loudest vehemence: thither he plyes,  
955 Undaunted to meet there what ever power  
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss  
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
Which way the neerest coast of darkness lyes  
Bordering on light; when strait behold the Throne  
960 Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread  
Wide on the wasteful Deep; with him Enthron'd  
Sat Sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,  
The Consort of his Reign; and by them stood  
*Orcus* and *Ades*, and the dreaded name  
965 Of *Demogorgon*; *Rumor* next and *Chance*,  
And *Tumult* and *Confusion* all imbroild,  
And *Discord* with a thousand various mouths.  
T' whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers  
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,  
970 *Chaos* and *ancient Night*, I come no Spy,  
With purpose to explore or to disturb  
The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint  
Wandring this darksome Desart, as my way  
Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,  
975 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek  
What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds  
Confine with Heav'n; or if som other place  
From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King  
Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
980 I travel this profound, direct my course;

Directed no mean recompence it brings  
To your behoof, if I that Region lost,  
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce  
To her original darkness and your sway

985 (Which is my present journey) and once more  
Erect the Standard there of *ancient Night*;  
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.

Thus *Satan*; and him thus the Anarch old  
With faultring speech and visage incompos'd  
990 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,  
That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrown.  
I saw and heard, for such a numerous Host  
Fled not in silence through the frightened deep

995 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
Confusion worse confounded; and Heav'n Gates  
Pour'd out by millions her victorious Bands  
Pursuing. I upon my Frontieres here  
Keep residence; if all I can will serve,

1000 That little which is left so to defend,  
Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles  
Weakning the Scepter of old *Night*: first Hell  
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath;  
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World  
1005 Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain  
To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell:  
If that way be your walk, you have not farr;  
So much the neerer danger; go and speed;

Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

1010 He ceas'd; and *Satan* staid not to reply,  
But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,  
With fresh alacritie and force renew'd  
Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire  
Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock  
1015 Of fighting Elements, on all sides round  
Environ'd wins his way; harder beset  
And more endanger'd, then when *Argo* pass'd  
Through *Bosporus* betwixt the justling Rocks:  
Or when *Ulysses* on the Larbord shunnd  
1020 *Charybdis*, and by th' other whirlpool steard.  
So he with difficulty and labour hard  
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee;  
But hee once past, soon after when man fell,  
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain  
1025 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,  
Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way  
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf  
Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length  
From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe  
1030 Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse  
With easie intercourse pass to and fro  
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
God and good Angels guard by special grace.  
But now at last the sacred influence  
1035 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n  
Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night

A glimmering dawn; here Nature first begins  
Her fardest verge, and *Chaos* to retire  
As from her outmost works a brok'n foe  
1040 With tumult less and with less hostile din,  
That *Satan* with less toil, and now with ease  
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light  
And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds  
Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn;  
1045 Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,  
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
Farr off th' Empyreal Heav'n, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermined square or round,  
With Opal Towrs and Battlements adorn'd  
1050 Of living Saphire, once his native Seat;  
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain  
This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr  
Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.  
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
1055 Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

*The End of the Second Book.*

# Paradise Lost.

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## BOOK III.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

*God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own Justice and Wisdom*

5 *from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc't. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards*

10 *Man without the satisfaction of divine Justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to God-head, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pro-*

nounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and  
20 Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey,  
and hymning to thir Harps in full Quire, celebrate the  
Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the  
bare Convex of this Worlds outermost Orb; where wan-  
dering he first finds a place since call'd The Lymbo of  
25 Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence  
comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by  
staires, and the waters above the Firmament that flow  
about it: His passage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he  
finds there Uriel the Regient of that Orb, but first changes  
30 himself into the shape of a meaner Angel; and pretend-  
ing a zealous desire to behold the new Creation and Man  
whom God had plac't here, inquires of him the place of  
his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount  
Niphates.

**H**AIL holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,  
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam  
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproached light  
5 Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.  
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,  
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,  
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice  
10 Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,

Won from the void and formless infinite.  
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,  
Escap't the *Stygian Pool*, though long detain'd  
15 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight  
Through utter and through middle darkness borne  
With other notes then to th' *Orphean Lyre*  
I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,  
Taught by the heav'ly Muse to venture down  
20 The dark descent, and up to reascend,  
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sovran vital Lamp; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;  
25 So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred Song; but chief  
30 Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath  
That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit: nor somtimes forget  
Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
35 Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*,  
And *Tiresias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.  
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move  
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful Bird  
Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid

40 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,  
Or flocks, or heards, or human face divine;

45 But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful wayes of men  
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair  
Presented with a Universal blanc  
Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,

50 And wisdome at one entrance quite shut out.  
So much the rather thou Celestial light  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell

55 Of things invisible to mortal sight.  
Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure Empyrean where he sits  
High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view:

60 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven  
Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd  
Beatitude past utterance; on his right  
The radiant image of his Glory sat,  
His only Son; On Earth he first beheld

65 Our two first Parents, yet the only two  
Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,

Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love  
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd  
70 Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there  
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night  
In the dun Air sublime, and ready now  
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet  
On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd  
75 Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,  
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.  
Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,  
Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.

80 Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds  
Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains  
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss  
Wide interrupt can hold; so bent he seems  
85 On desparate reveng, that shall redound  
Upon his own rebellious head. And now  
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way  
Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,  
Directly towards the new created World,  
90 And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay  
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,  
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;  
For man will hark'n to his glozing lyes,  
And easily transgress the sole Command,  
95 Sole pledge of his obedience: So will fall,

Hee and his faithless Progenie: whose fault?  
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee  
All he could have; I made him just and right,  
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.

100 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers  
And Spirits, both them who stood and them who faild;  
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere  
Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,  
105 Where onely what they needs must do, appeard,  
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?  
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,  
When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)  
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoidl,  
110 Made passive both, had servd necessitie,  
Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd,  
So were created, nor can justly accuse  
Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate,  
As if predestination over-rul'd  
115 Thir will, dispos'd by absolute Decree  
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed  
Thir own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.  
120 So without least impulse or shadow of Fate,  
Or aught by me immutablie foreseen,  
They trespass, Authors to themselves in all  
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so

I formd them free, and free they must remain,  
 125 Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change  
 Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree  
 Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd  
 Thir freedom, they themselves ordain'd thir fall.  
 The first sort by thir own suggestion fell,  
 130 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls deceiv'd  
 By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,  
 The other none: in Mercy and Justice both,  
 Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glorie excel,  
 But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

135 Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd  
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect  
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd:  
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
 Most glorious, in him all his Father shon  
 140 Substantially express'd, and in his face  
 Divine compassion visibly appeerd,  
 Love without end, and without measure Grace,  
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd  
 145 Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;  
 For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll  
 Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound  
 Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne  
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.

150 For should Man finally be lost, should Man  
 Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son

Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd  
With his own folly? that be from thee farr,  
That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judg  
155 Of all things made, and judgest onely right.  
Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain  
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill  
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,  
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,  
160 Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell  
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,  
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self  
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,  
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?  
165 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
Be questiond and blasphem'd without defence.  
To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.  
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,  
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
170 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all  
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:  
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,  
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
175 Freely voutsaft; once more I will renew  
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd  
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;  
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
On even ground against his mortal foe,

## PARADISE LOST

## [BOOK III]

180 By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
His fall'n condition is, and to me ow  
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.  
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace  
Elect above the rest; so is my will:

185 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warnd  
Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes  
Th' incensed Deitie, while offerd grace  
Invites; for I will cheer thir senses dark,  
What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts

190 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
To Prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
Though but endevord with sincere intent,  
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
And I will place within them as a guide

195 My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear,  
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,  
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.  
This my long sufferance and my day of grace  
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste;

200 But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,  
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;  
And none but such from mercy I exclude.  
But yet all is not don; Man disobeying,  
Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sinns

205 Against the high Supremacie of Heav'n,  
Affecting God-head, and so loosing all,  
To expiate his Treason hath naught left,

But to destruction sacred and devote,  
He with his whole posteritie must dye,  
210 Dye hee or Justice must; unless for him  
Som other able, and as willing, pay  
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
Say Heav'ly powers, where shall we find such love,  
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem  
215 Mans mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save,  
Dwels in all Heaven charitie so deare?  
He ask'd, but all the Heav'ly Quire stood mute,  
And silence was in Heav'n: on mans behalf  
Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,  
220 Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
225 In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,  
His dearest mediation thus renewd.  
Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace;  
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy winged messengers,  
230 To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,  
Happie for man, so coming; he her aide  
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;  
Attonement for himself or offering meet,  
235 Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:

Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life  
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall;  
Account mee man; I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee  
240 Freely put off, and for him lastly dye  
Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage;  
Under his gloomie power I shall not long  
Lie vanquisht; thou hast givn me to possess  
Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,  
245 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due  
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,  
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave  
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule  
For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
250 But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue  
My vanquisher, spoild of his wanted spoile;  
Death his deaths wound shall then receive, and stoop  
Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.  
I through the ample Air in Triumph high  
255 Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show  
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,  
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:  
260 Then with the multitude of my redeemd  
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,  
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,

And reconcilement; wrauth shall be no more  
265 Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aspect  
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
To mortal men, above which only shon  
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice

270 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will  
Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd  
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend  
Wondring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace  
275 Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou  
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear,  
To me are all my works, nor Man the least  
Though last created, that for him I spare  
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,

280 By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost.  
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,  
Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyn;  
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,

285 By wondrous birth: Be thou in *Adams* room  
The Head of all mankind, though *Adams* Son.  
As in him perish all men, so in thee  
As from a second root shall be restor'd,  
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.

290 His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit  
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce

Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
295 Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,  
And dying rise, and rising with him raise  
His Brethren, ransomd with his own dear life.  
So Heav'ly love shall outdoo Hellish hate  
Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,  
300 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate  
So easily destroy'd, and still destroyes  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume  
Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.  
305 Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
A World from utter loss, and hast been found  
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,  
310 Found worthiest to be so by being Good,  
Farr more then Great or High; because in thee  
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,  
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;  
315 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reign  
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
Anointed universal King, all Power  
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume  
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream

320 Thrones, Prinedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:  
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide  
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;  
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
Shalt in the Sky appear, and from thee send

325 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclame  
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past Ages to the general Doom  
Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.

330 Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge  
Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink  
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring

335 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein' the just shall dwell,  
And after all thir tribulations long  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.  
Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,

340 For regal Scepter then no more shall need,  
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,  
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.  
No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all

345 The multitude of Angels with a shout  
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung

With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd  
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent

350 Towards either Throne they bow, and to the ground  
With solemn adoration down they cast  
Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,  
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once  
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life

355 Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence  
To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,  
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,  
And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heavn  
Rowls o're *Elisian* Flours her Amber stream;

360 With these that never fade the Spirits elect  
Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,  
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon  
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.

365 Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,  
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by thir side  
Like Quivers hung, and with Präamble sweet  
Of charming symphonie they introduce  
Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high;

370 No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine  
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.  
Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,  
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,  
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,

375 Fountain of Light, thy self invisible

Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,

380 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,  
Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim  
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.  
Thee next they sang of all Creation first,  
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,

385 In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud  
Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,  
Whom else no Creature can behold; on thee  
Impresst the effulgence of his Glorie abides,  
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.

390 Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein  
By thee created, and by thee threw down  
Th' aspiring Dominations: thou that day  
Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,  
Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook

395 Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o're the necks  
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.  
Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaine  
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Fathers might,  
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,

400 Not so on Man; him through their malice fall'n,  
Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome  
So strictly, but much more to pitie encline:  
No sooner did thy dear and onely Son

Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man  
 405 So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,  
 He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife  
 Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,  
 Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat  
 Second to thee, offerd himself to die  
 410 For mans offence. O unexampl'd love,  
 Love no where to be found less then Divine!  
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my Song  
 Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise  
 415 Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,  
 Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe  
 Of this round World, whose first convex divides  
 420 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd  
 From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darkness old,  
*Satan* alighted walks: a Globe farr off  
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
 425 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms  
 Of *Chaos* blustering round, inclement skie;  
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n  
 Though distant farr som small reflection gaines  
 Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud:  
 430 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.  
 As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,

Whose snowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,  
Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey  
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids

435 On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs

Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams;  
But in his way lights on the barren Plaines  
Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive  
With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggons light:

440 So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend

Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,  
Alone, for other Creature in this place  
Living or liveless to be found was none,  
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth

445 Up hither like Aereal vapours flew

Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin  
With vanity had filld the works of men:  
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,

450 Or happiness in this or th' other life;

All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits  
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,  
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find  
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds;

455 All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,

Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,  
Dissolvd on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
Till final dissolution, wander here,  
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd;

460 Those argent Fields more likely habitants,  
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold  
 Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde:  
 Hither of ill-joyned Sons and Daughters born  
 First from the ancient World those Giants came

465 With many a vain exploit, though then renouwnd:  
 The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain  
 Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain designe  
 New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build:  
 Others came single; he who to be deemd

470 A God, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames,  
*Empedocles*, and hee who to enjoy  
*Plato's Elysium*, leap'd into the Sea,  
*Cleombrotus*, and many more too long,  
 Embryo's and Idiots, Eremitis and Friers

475 White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.  
 Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr to seek  
 In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n;  
 And they who to be sure of Paradise  
 Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,

480 Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd;  
 They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,  
 And that Crystalline Spheare whose ballance weighs  
 The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd;  
 And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'ns Wicket seems

485 To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot  
 Of Heav'ns ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe  
 A violent cross wind from either Coast

Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry  
Into the devious Air; then might ye see  
490 Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost  
And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,  
Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,  
The sport of Winds: all these upwhirld aloft  
Fly o're the backside of the World farr off  
495 Into a *Limbo* large and broad, since call'd  
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown  
Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod;  
All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,  
And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame  
500 Of dawning light turnd thither-ward in haste  
His travell'd steps; farr distant he descries  
Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,  
At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd  
505 The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate  
With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold  
Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes  
The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth  
By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.  
510 The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw  
Angels ascending and descending, bands  
Of Guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled  
To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,  
Dreaming by night under the open Skie,  
515 And waking cri'd, *This is the Gate of Heav'n.*

Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
There alwayes, but drawn up to Heav'n somtimes  
Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd  
Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon

520 Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,  
Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake  
Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.

The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate

525 His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.  
Direct against which op'nd from beneath,  
Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,  
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,  
Wider by farr then that of after-times

530 Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large,  
Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,  
By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,  
On high behests his Angels to and fro  
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard

535 From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordans* flood  
To *Beersaba*, where the *Holy Land*  
Borders on *Ægypt* and the *Arabian* shoare;  
So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set  
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.

540 *Satan* from hence now on the lower stair  
That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate  
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout

Through dark and desart wayes with peril gone  
545 All night; at last by break of chearful dawne  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some forein land  
First-seen, or some renown'd Metropolis  
550 With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adornd,  
Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.  
Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,  
The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd  
At sight of all this World beheld so faire.  
555 Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood  
So high above the circling Canopie  
Of Nights extended shade; from Eastern Point  
Of *Libra* to the fleecie Starr that bears  
*Andromeda* farr off *Atlantic* Seas  
560 Beyond th' *Horizon*; then from Pole to Pole  
He views in bredth, and without longer pause  
Down right into the Worlds first Region throws  
His flight precipitant, and windes with ease  
Through the pure marble Air his oblique way  
565 Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon  
Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,  
Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,  
Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fam'd of old,  
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,  
570 Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there  
He stayd not to enquire: above them all

The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven  
Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends  
Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe  
575 By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie  
Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,  
That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses Light from farr; they as they move  
580 Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute  
Days, months, & years, towards his all-clearing Lamp  
Turn swift thir various motions, or are turnd  
By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The Univers, and to each inward part  
585 With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep:  
So wondrously was set his Station bright.  
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe  
590 Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw.  
The place he found beyond expression bright,  
Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;  
Not all parts like, but all alike informd  
With radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire;  
595 If mettal, part seemd Gold, part Silver clearer;  
If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,  
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon  
In *Aarons* Brest-plate, and a stone besides  
Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,

600 That stone, or like to that which here below  
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,  
In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde  
Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound  
In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,  
605 Drain'd through a Limbec to his Native forme.  
What wonder then if fields and regions here  
Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run  
Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch  
Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote  
610 Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt  
Here in the dark so many precious things  
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?  
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
Undazl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,  
615 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon  
Culminate from th' *Æquator*, as they now  
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,  
620 No where so cheer, sharp'nd his visual ray  
To objects distant farr, whereby he soon  
Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,  
The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun:  
His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid;  
625 Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar  
Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind  
Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings

Lay waving round; on som great charge employ'd  
He seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.

630 Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope  
To find who might direct his wandring flight  
To Paradise the happie seat of Man,  
His journies end and our beginning woe.  
But first he casts to change his proper shape,

635 Which else might work him danger or delay:  
And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb  
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feignd;

640 Under a Coronet his flowing haire  
In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore  
Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.

645 He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,  
Admonisht by his ear, and strait was known  
Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n  
Who in Gods presence, neerest to his Throne

650 Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes  
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
O're Sea and Land: him *Satan* thus accostes;  
*Uriel*, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand  
655 In sight of God's high Throne, gloriously bright,

The first art wont his great authentic will  
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,  
Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend;  
And here art likeliest by supream decree

660 Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye  
To visit oft this new Creation round;  
Unspeakable desire to see, and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom

665 All these his works so wondrous he ordaind,  
Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim  
Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell  
In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man  
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,

670 But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell;  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,  
Or open admiration him behold  
On whom the great Creator hath bestowd  
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powrd;

675 That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
The Universal Maker we may praise;  
Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes  
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss  
Created this new happie Race of Men

680 To serve him better: wise are all his wayes.  
So spake the false dissembler unperceivd;  
For neither Man nor Angel can discern  
Hypocrisie, the onely evil that walks

Invisible, except to God alone,

685 By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth:  
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps  
At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie  
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd

690 *Uriel*, though Regent of the Sun, and held  
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;  
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foule  
In his uprightness answer thus returnd.  
Fair Angel, thy desire which tends to know

695 The works of God, thereby to glorifie  
The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
From thy Empyreal Mansion thus alone,

700 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps  
Contented with report hear onely in heav'n:  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;

705 But what created mind can comprehend  
Thir number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep.  
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass ,  
This worlds material mould, came to a heap:

710 *Confusion* heard his voice, and wilde uproar  
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;

Till at his second bidding darkness fled,  
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:  
Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then

715 The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,  
And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n  
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;

720 Each had his place appointed, each his course,  
The rest in circuit walles this Universe.  
Look downward on that Globe whose hither side  
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;  
That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light

725 His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere  
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon  
(So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide  
Timely interposes, and her monthly round  
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n;

730 With borrowd light her countenance triform  
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,  
And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
That spot to which I point is *Paradise*,  
*Adams* abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.

735 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.  
Thus said, he turnd, and *Satan* bowing low,  
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,  
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,

740 Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,  
Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,  
Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

*The End of the Third Book.*

# Paradise Lost.

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## BOOK IV.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Satan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where  
he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he under-  
took alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts  
with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and de-  
spare; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys  
on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and scituacion  
is discribed, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a  
Cormorant on the Tree of life, as highest in the Garden  
to look about him. The Garden describ'd; Satans first  
5 sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at thir excellent  
form and happy state, but with resolution to work thir  
fall; overbears thir discourse, thence gathers that the Tree  
of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty  
10 of death; and thereon intends to found his Temptation,  
by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while,  
to know further of thir state by some other means. Mean  
15 while Uriel descending on a Sun-beam warns Gabriel,  
who had in charge the Gate of Paradise, that some evil

spirit bad escap'd the Deep, and past at Noon by his  
 20 Spbere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise,  
 discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount.  
 Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night com-  
 ing on, Adam and Eve, discourse of going to thir rest:  
 thir Bower describ'd; thir Evening worship. Gabriel,  
 25 drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the  
 round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adams  
 Bower, least the evill spirit should be there doing some  
 harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at  
 the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him,  
 30 though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, be  
 scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but binder'd by  
 a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw  
 Th' *Apocalyps*, heard cry in Heaven aloud,  
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
 Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,  
 5 *Wo to the inhabitants on Earth!* that now,  
 While time was, our first-Parents had bin warnd  
 The coming of thir secret foe, and scap'd  
 Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now  
 Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
 10 The Tempter ere th' Accuser of man-kind,  
 To wreck on innocent frail man his loss  
 Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:  
 Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold,

Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
15 Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth  
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,  
And like a devillish Engine back recoiles  
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract  
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stirr  
20 The Hell within him, for within him Hell  
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
One step no more then from himself can fly  
By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair  
That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie  
25 Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.  
Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view  
Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad,  
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,  
30 Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre:  
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.  
O thou that with surpassing Glory crownd,  
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God  
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs  
35 Hide thir diminisht heads; to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name  
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;  
40 Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down  
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King:

Ah wherefore! he deservd no such return  
From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
45 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less then to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,  
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high  
50 I sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher  
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burthensome still paying, still to ow;  
Forgetful what from him I still receivd,  
55 And understood not that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and dischargd; what burden then?  
O had his powerful Destiny ordaind  
Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood  
60 Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd  
Ambition. Yet why not? som other Power  
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean  
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great  
Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within  
65 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?  
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,  
But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all?  
Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,

70 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.  
Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
Me miserable! which way shall I flie  
Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?

75 Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;  
And in the lowest deep a lower deep  
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.  
O then at last relent: is there no place

80 Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?  
None left but by submission; and that word  
*Disdain* forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
With other promises and other vaunts

85 Then to submit, boasting I could subdue  
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,  
Under what torments inwardly I groane;  
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,

90 With Diadem and Scepter high advanc'd  
The lower still I fall, onely Supream  
In miserie; such joy Ambition findes.  
But say I could repent and could obtaine  
By Act of Grace my former state; how soon

95 Would hight recal high thoughts, how soon unsay  
What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconcilement grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so deep:

100 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse  
And heavier fall: so should I purchase deare  
Short intermission bought with double smart.  
This knows my punisher; therefore as farr  
From granting hee, as I from begging peace:

105 All hope excluded thus, behold in stead  
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,  
Mankind created, and for him this World.  
So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,  
Farwel Remorse: all Good to me is lost;

110 Evil be thou my Good; by thee at least  
Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold  
By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne;  
As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.  
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face

115 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,  
Which marrd his borrow'd visage, and betraide  
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.  
For heav'ly mindes from such distempers foule  
Are ever clearer. Whereof hee soon aware,

120 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme,  
Artificer of fraud; and was the first  
That practis'd falsehood under saintly shew,  
Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:  
Yet not anough had practis'd to deceive

125 *Uriel* once warnd; whose eye pursu'd him down

The way he went, and on th' *Assyrian* mount  
Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall  
Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce  
He markd and mad demeanour, then alone,

130 As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.  
So on he fares, and to the border comes,  
Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,  
Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,  
As with a rural mound the champain head

135 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides  
With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wilde,  
Access deni'd; and over head up grew  
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,

140 A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend  
Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops  
The verdurous wall of paradise up sprung:  
Which to our general Sire gave prospect large

145 Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.  
And higher then that Wall a circling row  
Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,  
Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue  
Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt:

150 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams  
Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,  
When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely seemd  
That Lantskip: And of pure now purer aire

Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
 155 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales  
 Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense  
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
 Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who saile  
 160 Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past  
*Mozambic*, off at Sea North-East windes blow  
*Sabean* Odours from the spicie shoare  
 Of *Arabie* the blest, with such delay  
 Well pleas'd they slack thir course, and many a League  
 165 Chear'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.  
 So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend  
 Who came thir bane, though with them better pleas'd  
 Then *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume,  
 That drove him, though enamourd, from the Spouse  
 170 Of *Tobits* Son, and with a vengeance sent  
 From *Media* post to *Ægypt*, there fast bound.  
 Now to th' ascent of that steep savage Hill  
*Satan* had journied on, pensive and slow;  
 But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,  
 175 As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth  
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext  
 All path of Man or Beast that past that way:  
 One Gate there only was, and that look'd East  
 On th' other side: which when th' arch-fellon saw  
 180 Due entrance he disdaind, and in contempt,  
 At one slight bound high over leap'd all bound

Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
185 Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eeve  
In hurd'l'd Cotes amid the field secure,  
Leaps o're the fence with ease into the Fould:  
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash  
Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,  
190 Cross-barrd and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
In at the window climbs, or o're the tiles;  
So climb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould:  
So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.  
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,  
195 The middle Tree and highest there that grew,  
Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true Life  
Thereby regaind, but sat devising Death  
To them who liv'd; nor on the vertue thought  
Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd  
200 For prospect, what well us'd had bin the pledge  
Of immortality. So little knows  
Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.  
205 Beneath him with new wonder now he views  
To all delight of human sense expos'd  
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,  
A Heav'n on Earth, for blissful Paradise  
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East

210 Of *Eden* planted; *Eden* stretchd her Line  
From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Towns  
Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,  
Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before  
Dwelt in *Telassar*: in this pleasant soile

215 His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind;  
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow  
All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit

220 Of vegetable Gold; and next to Life  
Our Death the Tree of knowledge grew fast by,  
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.  
Southward through *Eden* went a River large,  
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill

225 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd, for God had thrown  
That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd  
Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill

230 Waterd the Garden; thence united fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,  
Which from his darksom passage now appeers,  
And now divided into four main Streams,  
Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme

235 And Country whereof here needs no account,  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,  
How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,

Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,  
With mazie error under pendant shades

240 Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art  
In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon  
Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,  
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote

245 The open field, and where the unpierc't shade  
Imbround the noontide Bowrs: Thus was this place,  
A happy rural seat of various view;  
Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and Balme,  
Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde

250 Hung amiable, *Hesperian* Fables true,  
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:  
Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks  
Grasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,  
Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap

255 Of som irriguous Valley spred her store,  
Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose:  
Another side, umbrageous Grots and Caves  
Of coole recess, o're which the mantling vine  
Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps

260 Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall  
Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,  
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,  
Her chrystal mirror holds, unite thir streams.  
The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,

265 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune

The trembling leaves, while Universal *Pan*  
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance  
Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field  
Of *Enna*, where *Proserpin* gathering flours  
270 Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis*  
Was gatherd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain  
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet Grove  
Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th' inspir'd  
*Castalian* Spring, might with this Paradise  
275 Of *Eden* strive; nor that *Nyseian* Ile  
Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,  
Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Lybian* *Jove*,  
Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son  
Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea*'s eye;  
280 Nor where *Abassin* Kings thir issue Guard,  
Mount *Amara*, though this by som suppos'd  
True Paradise under the *Ethiop* Line  
By *Nilus* head, enclosd with shining Rock,  
A whole days journy high, but wide remote  
285 From this *Assyrian* Garden, where the Fiend  
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
Of living Creatures new to sight and strange:  
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,  
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad  
290 In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all,  
And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine  
The image of thir glorious Maker shon,  
Truth, wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,

Severe but in true filial freedom plac't;

295 Whence true autoritie in men; though both  
Not equal, as thir sex not equal seemd;  
For contemplation hee and valour formd,  
For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,  
Hee for God only, shee for God in him:

300 His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd  
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:  
Shee as a vail down to the slender waste

305 Her unadorned golden tresses wore  
Dissheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd  
As the Vine curles her tendrils, which impli'd  
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best receivd,

310 Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,  
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.  
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceald,  
Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame  
Of natures works, honor dishonorable,

315 Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind  
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,  
And banisht from mans life his happiest life,  
Simplicitie and spotless innocence.  
So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight

320 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:  
So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair

That ever since in loves imbraces met,  
*Adam* the goodliest man of men since borne  
 His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters *Eve*.

325 Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side  
 They sat them down, and after no more toil  
 Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd  
 To recommend coole *Zephyr*, and made ease

330 More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite  
 More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,  
 Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes  
 Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline  
 On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours:

335 The savourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde  
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream;  
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems  
 Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,

340 Alone as they. About them frisking playd  
 All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of all chase  
 In Wood or Wilderness, Forrest or Den;  
 Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw  
 Dandl'd the Kid; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards,

345 Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant  
 To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreathd  
 His Lithe Proboscis; close the Serpent sly  
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile

350 Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass  
Coucht, and now fild with pasture gazing sat,  
Or Bedward ruminating: for the Sun  
Declin'd was hasting now with prone carreer  
To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' ascending Scale  
355 Of Heav'n the Starrs that usher Evening rose:  
When *Satan* still in gaze, as first he stood,  
Scarce thus at length faild speech recoverd sad.  
    O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,  
    Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't  
360 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,  
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright  
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines  
In them Divine resemblance, and such grace  
365 The hand that formd them on thir shape hath pourd.  
Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh  
Your change approaches, when all these delights  
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,  
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;  
370 Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd  
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heav'n  
Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe  
As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe  
To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne  
375 Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,  
And mutual amitie so streight, so close,  
That I with you must dwell, or you with me

Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please  
Like this fair Paradise, your sense, yet such  
380 Accept your Makers work; he gave it me,  
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfold,  
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,  
And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,  
Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
385 Your numerous offspring; if no better place,  
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge  
On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd.  
And should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,  
390 Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,  
By conquering this new World, compels me now  
To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.  
So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,  
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.  
395 Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree  
Down he alights among the sportful Herd  
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,  
Now other, as thir shape servd best his end  
Neerer to view his prey, and unespi'd  
400 To mark what of thir state he more might learn  
By word or action markt: about them round  
A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,  
Then as a Tyger, who by chance hath spi'd  
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,  
405 Strait couches close, then rising changes oft

His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground  
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both  
Grip't in each paw: When *Adam* first of men  
To first of women *Eve* thus moving speech,  
410 Turnd him all eare to hear new utterance flow.

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,  
Dearer thy self then all; needs must the power  
That made us, and for us this ample World  
Be infinitely good, and of his good

415 As liberal and free as infinite,  
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here  
In all this happiness, who at his hand  
Have nothing merited, nor can performe  
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires

420 From us no other service then to keep  
This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees  
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
So various, not to taste that onely Tree  
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,

425 So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,  
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowst  
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree,  
The only sign of our obedience left  
Among so many signes of power and rule

430 Conferrd upon us, and Dominion giv'n  
Over all other Creatures that possess  
Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard  
One easie prohibition, who enjoy

Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
435 Unlimited of manifold delights:  
But let us ever praise him, and extoll  
His bountie, following our delightful task  
To prune these growing Plants, and tend these Flours,  
Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.

440 To whom thus *Eve* repli'd. O thou for whom  
And from whom I was formd flesh of thy flesh,  
And without whom am to no end, my Guide  
And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.  
For wee to him indeed all praises owe,

445 And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy  
So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee  
Præminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like consort to thy self canst no where find.  
That day I oft remember, when from sleep

450 I first awak't, and found my self repos'd  
Under a shade of flours, much wondring where  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread

455 Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd  
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n; I thither went  
With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe  
On the green bank, to look into the cleer  
Smooth Lake, that to me seemd another Skie.

460 As I bent down to look, just opposite,  
A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd

Bending to look on me, I started back,  
It started back, but pleas'd I soon returnd,  
Pleas'd it returnd as soon with answering looks  
465 Of sympathie and love; there I had fixt  
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou seest,  
What there thou seest fair Creature is thy self,  
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,  
470 And I will bring thee where no shadow staies  
Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee  
Whose image thou art, him thou shall enjoy  
Inseparablie thine, to him shalt beare  
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd  
475 Mother of human Race: what could I doe,  
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?  
Till I espi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,  
Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,  
Less winning soft, less amiablie milde,  
480 Then that smooth watry image; back I turnd,  
Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return faire *Eve*,  
Whom fli'st thou? whom thou fli'st, of him thou art, ·  
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent  
Out of my side to thee, neerest my heart  
485 Substantial Life, to have thee by my side  
Henceforth an individual solace dear;  
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half: with that thy gentle hand  
Seisd mine, I yielded, and from that time see

490 How beauty is excelld by manly grace  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.  
     So spake our general Mother, and with eyes  
     Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,  
     And meek surrender, half imbracing leand

495 On our first Father, half her swelling Breast  
     Naked met his under the flowing Gold  
     Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight  
     Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms  
     Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*

500 On *Juno* smiles, when he impregn's the Clouds  
     That shed *May* Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip  
     With kisses pure: aside the Devil turnd  
     For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne  
     Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plaind.

505     Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two  
     Imparadis't in one anothers arms  
     The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy thir fill  
     Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,  
     Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,

510 Among our other torments not the least,  
     Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;  
     Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd  
     From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:  
     One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,

515 Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidd'n?  
     Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord  
     Envie them that? can it be sin to know,

Can it be death? and do they onely stand  
By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,  
520 The proof of thir obedience and thir faith?  
O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds  
With more desire to know, and to reject  
Envious commands, invented with designe  
525 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt  
Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,  
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?  
But first with narrow search I must walk round  
This Garden, and no corner leave unspied;  
530 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,  
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw  
What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,  
Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,  
535 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.  
    So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,  
But with sly circumspection, and began  
Through wood, through waste, o're hill, o're dale his roam.  
Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n  
540 With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun  
Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
Against the eastern Gate of Paradise  
Leveld his eevning Rayes: it was a Rock  
Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,  
545 Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent

Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;  
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.  
Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat

550 Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night;  
About him exercis'd Heroic Games  
Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand  
Celestial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Speares,  
Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.

555 Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Eeven  
On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr  
In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd  
Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner  
From what point of his Compass to beware

560 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.  
*Gabriel*, to thee thy course by Lot hath giv'n  
Charge and strict watch that to this happie Place  
No evil thing approach or enter in;  
This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare

565 A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know  
More of th' Almighties works, and chiefly Man  
Gods latest Image: I describ'd his way  
Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate;  
But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North,

570 Where he first lighted, soon discernd his looks  
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd:  
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade  
Lost sight of him; one of the banisht crew

I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise  
575 New troubles; him thy care must be to find.  
To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd:  
*Uriel*, no wonder if thy perfet sight,  
Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,  
See farr and wide: in at this Gate none pass  
580 The vigilance here plac't, but such as come  
Well known from Heav'n; and since Meridian hour  
No Creature thence: if Spirit of other sort,  
So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds  
On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude  
585 Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.  
But if within the circuit of these walks,  
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom  
Thou tellst, by morrow dawning I shall know.  
So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge  
590 Returnd on that bright beam, whose point now raisd  
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n  
Beneath th' *Azores*; whither the prime Orb,  
Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd  
Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth  
595 By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there  
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold  
The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend:  
Now came still Eevning on, and Twilight gray  
Had in her sober Liverie all things clad;  
600 Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,  
They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests

Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the Firmament  
605 With living Saphirs: *Hesperus* that led  
The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon  
Rising in clouded Majestie, at length  
Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,  
And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

610 When *Adam* thus to *Eve*: Fair Consort, th' hour  
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest  
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
Labour and rest, as day and night to men  
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep

615 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines  
Our eye-lids; other Creatures all day long  
Rove idle unimploid, and less need rest;  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,

620 And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies;  
While other Animals unactive range,  
And of thir doings God takes no account.  
To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East  
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,

625 And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth:

630 Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gumms,  
That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;  
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.  
To whom thus *Eve* with perfet beauty adornd.

635 My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst  
Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains,  
God is thy Law, thou mine: to know no more  
Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.  
With thee conversing I forget all time,

640 All seasons and thir change, all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun  
When first on this delightful Land he spreads  
His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,

645 Glistring with dew; fragrant the fertil earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful Eevning milde, then silent Night  
With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,  
And these the Gemms of Heav'n, her starrie train:

650 But neither breath of Morn when she ascends  
With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun  
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,  
Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
Nor grateful Eevning mild, nor silent Night

655 With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,  
Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.  
But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?  
To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.

660 Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht *Eve*,  
Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,  
By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land  
In order, though to Nations yet unborn,  
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;

665 Least total darkness should by Night regaine  
Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate  
Of various influence foment and warme,

670 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow  
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.  
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,

675 Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,  
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;  
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
All these with ceasless praise his works behold

680 Both day and night: how often from the steep  
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to others note  
Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands

685 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk

With Heav'ly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic number joind, thir songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd

690 On to thir blissful Bower; it was a place  
Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd  
All things to mans delightful use; the roofe  
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew  
695 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
*Acanthus*, and each odorous bushie shrub  
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flour,  
*Iris* all hues, Roses, and Gessamin  
Rear'd high thir flourisht heads between, and wrought  
700 Mosaic; underfoot the Violet,  
Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay  
Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with stone  
Of costliest Emblem: other Creature here  
Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none;  
705 Such was thir awe of Man. In shadie Bower  
More sacred and sequesterd, though but feignd,  
*Pan* or *Silvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,  
Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in close recess  
With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs  
710 Espoused *Eve* deckt first her nuptial Bed,  
And heav'ly Quires the Hymenæan sung,  
What day the genial Angel to our Sire  
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,

More lovely then *Pandora*, whom the Gods  
715 Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like  
In sad event, when to the unwiser Son  
Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, she ensnar'd  
Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd  
On him who had stole *Joves* authentic fire.

720 Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood  
Both turnd, and under op'n Skie ador'd  
The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth and Heav'n  
Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe  
And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,  
725 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,  
Which we in our appointed work employd  
Have finisht happie in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the Crown of all our bliss  
Ordaind by thee, and this delicious place

730 For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race  
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
735 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

This said unanimous, and other Rites  
Observing none, but adoration pure  
Which God likes best, into thir inmost bowre  
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off  
740 These troublesom disguises which wee wear,  
Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I weene

*Adam* from his fair Spouse, nor *Eve* the Rites  
Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:  
Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk  
745 Of puritie and place and innocence,  
Defaming as impure what God declares  
Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.  
Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain  
But our destroyer, foe to God and Man?

750 Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true source  
Of human ofspring, sole proprietie,  
In Paradise of all things common else.  
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men  
Among the bestial herds to raunge, by thee  
755 Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,  
Relations dear, and all the Charities  
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.  
Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,  
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
760 Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets,  
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc't,  
Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.  
Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights  
His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
765 Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile  
Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindeard,  
Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours  
Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,  
Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings

770 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.  
 These lulld by Nightingales imbraceing slept,  
 And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof  
 Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on  
 Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek  
 775 No happier state, and know to know no more.  
 Now had night measur'd with her shaddowie Cone  
 Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,  
 And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim  
 Forth issuing at th' accustomd hour stood armd  
 780 To thir night watches in warlike Parade,  
 When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus spake.  
*Uzziel*, half these draw off, and coast the South  
 With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,  
 Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part  
 785 Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.  
 From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he calld  
 That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.  
*Ithuriel* and *Zephon*, with wingd speed  
 Search through this Garden, leave unsearcht no nook,  
 790 But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge,  
 Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.  
 This Eevning from the Sun's decline arriv'd  
 Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen  
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd  
 795 The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:  
 Such where ye find, seise fast, and hither bring.  
 So saying, on he led his radiant Files,

Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct  
In search of whom they sought: him there they found  
800 Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of *Eve*;  
Assaying by his Devilish art to reach  
The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge  
Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,  
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
805 Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise  
Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise  
At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,  
Vaine hopes, vaine aimes, inordinate desires  
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.  
810 Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear  
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
Touch of Celestial temper, but returns  
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts  
Discoverd and surpriz'd. As when a spark  
815 Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid  
Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store  
Against a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine  
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire:  
So started up in his own shape the Fiend.  
820 Back stept those two faire Angels half amaz'd  
So sudden to behold the grieslie King;  
Yet thus, unmovd with fear, accost him soon.  
Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell  
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,  
825 Why satst thou like an enemie in waite

Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then said *Satan*, fill'd with scorn,

Know ye not mee? ye knew me once no mate

For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare;

830 Not to know mee argues your selves unknown,

The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,

Why ask ye, and superfluous begin

Your message, like to end as much in vain?

To whom thus *Zephon*, answering scorn with scorn.

835 Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,

Or undiminisht brightness, to be known

As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and pure;

That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good,

Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now

840 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule.

But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account

To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep

This place inviolable, and these from harm.

So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke

845 Severe in youthful beautie, added grace

Invincible: abasht the Devil stood,

And felt how awful goodness is, and saw

Vertue in her shape how lovly, saw, and pin'd

His loss; but chiefly to find here observd

850 His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seemd

Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,

Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,

Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,

Or less be lost. Thy fear, said *Zephon* bold,

855 Will save us trial what the least can doe

Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;

But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,

Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie

860 He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd

His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they nigh

The western Point, where those half-rounding guards

Just met, and closing stood in squadron joind

Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief

865 *Gabriel* from the Front thus calld aloud.

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet

Hasting this way, and now by glimps discerne

*Ithuriel* and *Zephon* through the shade,

And with them comes a third of Regal port,

870 But faded splendor wan; who by his gate

And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,

Not likely to part hence without contest;

Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approachd

875 And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
How busied, in what form and posture coucht.

To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.

Why hast thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds prescrib'd

To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge

880 Of others, who approve not to transgress

By thy example, but have power and right

To question thy bold entrance on this place;  
Implor'd it seems to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?

885 To whom thus *Satan*, with contemptuous brow.  
*Gabriel*, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee; but this question askt  
Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
890 Though thither doomd? Thou wouldest thy self, no doubt,  
And boldly venture to whatever place  
Farthest from pain, where thou mightest hope to change  
Torment with ease, and soonest recompence  
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;  
895 To thee no reason; who knowst only good,  
But evil hast not tri'd: and wilt object  
His will who bound us? let him surer barr  
His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance: thus much what was askt.  
900 The rest is true, they found me where they say;  
But that implies not violence or harme.  
Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,  
Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.  
O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,  
905 Since *Satan* fell, whom follie overthrew,  
And now returns him from his prison scap't,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;

910 So wise he judges it to fly from pain  
However, and to scape his punishment.  
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,  
Which thou incurst by flying, meet thy flight  
Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,

915 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain  
Can equal anger infinite provok't.  
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them  
Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they

920 Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,  
The first in flight from pain, had'st thou alledg'd  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.  
To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stern.

925 Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide  
Thy blasting volied Thunder made all speed  
And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.

930 But still thy words at random, as before,  
Argue thy inexperience what behooves  
From hard assaies and ill successes past  
A faithful Leader, not to hazard all  
Through wayes of danger by himself untri'd.

935 I therefore, I alone first undertook  
To wing the desolate Abyss, and spie  
This new created World, whereof in Hell

Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
940 To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire;  
Though for possession put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;  
Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord  
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his Throne,  
945 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To whom the warriour Angel, soon repli'd.  
To say and strait unsay, pretending first  
Wise to flie pain, professing next the Spie,  
Argues no Leader but a lyar trac't,  
950 *Satan*, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,  
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!  
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;  
Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,  
955 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
Allegeance to th' acknowldg'd Power supream?  
And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
Patron of liberty, who more then thou  
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd  
960 Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope  
To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne?  
But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;  
Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this houre  
Within these hallowd limits thou appeer,  
965 Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,

And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne  
The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.

So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats  
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd.

970 Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,  
Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then  
Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel  
From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King  
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,  
975 Us'd to the yoak, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright  
Turnd fierie red, sharpning in mooned hornes  
Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round  
980 With ported Spears, as thick as when a field  
Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends  
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind  
Swayes them; the careful Plowman doubting stands  
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves

985 Prove chaff. On th' other side *Satan* allarm'd  
Collecting all his might dilated stood,  
Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd:  
His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest  
Sat horror Plum'd; nor wanted in his grasper  
990 What seemd both Spear and Shield: now dreadful deeds  
Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise  
In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope  
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements

At least had gon to rack, disturb'd and torne  
995 With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray  
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen  
Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* signe,  
Wherein all things created first he weighd,  
1000 The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire  
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
Battels and Realms: in these he put two weights  
The sequel each of parting and of fight;  
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam;  
1005 Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the Fiend.  
    *Satan*, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,  
Neither our own but giv'n; what follie then  
To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more  
Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubl'd now  
1010 To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,  
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign  
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak,  
If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up and knew  
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
1015 Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

*The End of the Fourth Book.*

# Paradise Lost.

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## BOOK V.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

*Morning approach't, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir day labours: Thir Morning Hymn at the Door of thir Bower. God to render Man inexcusable sends*

5 *Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know.* Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his Bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicerest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; thir discourse at Table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adams request who

10 *that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, perswading all*

15

20    *but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument diswades and opposes him, then forsakes him.*

**N**OW Morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime  
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with Orient Pearle,  
 When *Adam* wak't, so customd, for his sleep  
 Was Aerie light from pure digestion bred,  
 5    And temperat vapors bland, which th' only sound  
 Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,  
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill Matin Song  
 Of Birds on every bough; so much the more  
 His wonder was to find unwak'nd *Eve*  
 10   With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,  
 As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
 Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love  
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
 Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,  
 15   Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice  
 Milde, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus. Awake  
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
 Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
 20   Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
 Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,  
 What drops the Myrrhe, and what the balmie Reed,  
 How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee  
 25   Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye  
On *Adam*, whom imbracing, thus she spake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see

30 Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,  
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,  
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day pass't, or morrows next designe,  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind

35 Knew never till this irksom night; methought  
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk  
With gentle voice, I thought it thine; it said,  
Why sleepst thou *Eve*? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields

40 To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake  
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song; now reignes  
Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadowie sets off the face of things; in vain,  
If none regard; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,

45 Whom to behold but thee, Natures desire,  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.

I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;  
To find thee I directed then my walk;

50 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways  
That brought me on a sudden to the Tree  
Of interdicted Knowledge: fair it seem'd,  
Much fairer to my Fancie then by day:

And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood  
55 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n  
By us oft seen; his dewie locks distill'd  
*Ambrosia*; on that Tree he also gaz'd;  
And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,  
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,  
60 Nor God, nor Man; is Knowledge so despis'd?  
Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offerd good, why else set here?  
This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme  
65 He pluckt, he tasted; mee damp horror chil'd  
At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold:  
But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,  
Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,  
Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit  
70 For God's, yet able to make Gods of Men:  
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant growes,  
The Author not impair'd, but honourd more?  
Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,  
75 Partake thou also; happie though thou art,  
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be:  
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods  
Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confind,  
But somtimes in the Air, as wee, somtimes  
80 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see  
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.

So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
Which he had pluckt; the pleasant savourie smell  
85 So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds  
With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide  
And various: wondring at my flight and change  
90 To this high exaltation; suddenly  
My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,  
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd  
To find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her Night  
Related, and thus *Adam* answerd sad.

95 Best Image of my self and dearer half,  
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
Affects me equally; nor can I like  
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear;  
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,  
100 Created pure. But know that in the Soule  
Are many lesser Faculties that serve  
Reason as chief; among these Fansie next  
Her office holds; of all external things,  
Which the five watchful Senses represent,  
105 She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,  
Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames  
All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires  
Into her private Cell when Nature rests.

110 Oft in her absence mimic Fansie wakes  
To imitate her; but misjoyning shapes,  
Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
Som such resemblances methinks I find

115 Of our last Eevnings talk, in this thy dream,  
But with addition strange; yet be not sad.  
Evil into the mind of God or Man  
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave  
No spot or blame behind: Which gives me hope

120 That what in sleep thou didst abhorr to dream,  
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.  
Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks  
That wont to be more chearful and serene  
Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,

125 And let us to our fresh imployments rise  
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours  
That open now thir choicest bosom'd smells  
Reservd from night, and kept for thee in store.  
So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,

130 But silently a gentle tear let fall  
From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire;  
Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
Each in thir Chrystal sluice, hee ere they fell  
Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse

135 And pious awe, that feard to have offended.  
So all was cleard, and to the Field they haste.  
But first from under shadie arborous roof,

Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen  
140 With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim,  
Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,  
Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East  
Of Paradise and *Edens* happie Plains,  
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
145 Thir Orisons, each Morning duly paid  
In various style, for neither various style  
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung  
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence  
150 Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous Verse,  
More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp  
To add more sweetness, and they thus began.  
These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty, thine this universal Frame,  
155 Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable, who sitst above these Heavens  
To us invisible or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works, yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine:  
160 Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light,  
Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, Day without Night,  
Circle his Throne rejoicing, yee in Heav'n,  
On Earth joyn all ye Creatures to extoll  
165 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn  
With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Spheare  
170 While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime.  
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,  
Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high Noon hast gained, and when thou fallst.  
175 Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now fli'st  
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,  
And yee five other wandring Fires that move  
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound  
His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.  
180 Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth  
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceasless change  
Varie to our great Maker still new praise.  
185 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise  
From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,  
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,  
In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,  
Whether to deck with Clouds the uncoloured skie,  
190 Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling still advance his praise.  
His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,

With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.

195 Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,  
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;

200 Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk  
The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;  
Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,  
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade  
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.

205 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still  
To give us onely good; and if the night  
Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts

210 Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm.  
On to thir mornings rural work they haste  
Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row  
Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr  
Thir pamperd boughes, and needed hands to check

215 Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine  
To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines  
Her mariageable arms, and with her brings  
Her dowr th' adopted Clusters, to adorn  
His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld

220 With pittie Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd  
*Raphael*, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd

To travel with *Tobias*, and secur'd  
His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.

*Raphael*, said hee, thou hear'st what stir on Earth  
225 *Satan* from Hell scap't through the darksom Gulf  
Hath raisd in Paradise, and how disturb'd  
This night the human pair, how he designes  
In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend  
230 Converse with *Adam*, in what Bowre or shade  
Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,  
To respit his day-labour with repast,  
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,  
As may advise him of his happie state,  
235 Happiness in his power left free to will,  
Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,  
Yet mutable; whence warne him to beware  
He swerve not too secure: tell him withall  
His danger, and from whom, what enemie  
240 Late falln himself from Heav'n, is plotting now  
The fall of others from like state of bliss;  
By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,  
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,  
Least wilfully transgressing he pretend  
245 Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarnd.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfilld  
All Justice: nor delaid the winged Saint  
After his charge receivd; but from among  
Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood

250 Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing light  
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires  
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
Through all th' Empyreal road; till at the Gate  
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-opend wide

255 On golden Hinges turning, as by work  
Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.  
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,  
Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,  
Not unconform to other shining Globes,

260 Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crownd  
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass  
Of *Galileo*, less assur'd, observes  
Imagind Lands and Regions in the Moon:  
Or Pilot from amidst the *Cyclades*

265 *Delos* or *Samos* first appeering kenns  
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie  
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steddie wing  
Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann

270 Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare  
Of Towring Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems  
A *Phœnix*, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird  
When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's  
Bright Temple, to *Ægyptian Theb's* he flies.

275 At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns  
A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to shade

His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his brest

280 With regal Ornament; the middle pair  
Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round  
Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold  
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet  
Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile

285 Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like *Maia's* son he stood,  
And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance fill'd  
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands  
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,  
And to his message high in honour rise;

290 For on som message high they guessd him bound.  
Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is come  
Into the blissful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,  
And flouring Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;  
A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here

295 Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will  
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
Wilde above Rule or Art; enormous bliss.  
Him through the spicie Forrest onward com  
*Adam* discernd, as in the dore he sat

300 Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun  
Shot down direct his fervid Raies to warme  
Earths inmost womb, more warmth then *Adam* needs;  
And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd  
For dinner savourie fruits, of taste to please

305 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst

Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie stream,  
Berrie or Grape: to whom thus *Adam* call'd.

Haste hither *Eve*, and worth thy sight behold  
Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape

310 Comes this way moving; seems another Morn  
Ris'n on mid-noon; som great behest from Heav'n  
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe  
This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,  
And what thy stores contain, bring forth and poure

315 Abundance, fit to honour and receive  
Our Heav'ly stranger; well we may afford  
Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow  
From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies  
Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows

320 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus *Eve*. *Adam*, earths hallowd mould,  
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,  
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;  
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains

325 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:  
But I will haste and from each bough and break,  
Each Plant and juiciest Gourd will pluck such choice  
To entertain our Angel guest, as hee  
Beholding shall confess that here on Earth

330 God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
What choice to chuse for delicacie best,

What order, so contriv'd as not to mix

335 Tastes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring  
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change,  
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yields  
In *India* East or West, or middle shoare

340 In *Pontus* or the *Punic* Coast, or where  
*Alcinous* reign'd, fruit of all kindes, in coate,  
Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell  
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board  
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape

345 She crushes, inoffensive moust, and meathes  
From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels prest  
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold  
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground  
With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd.

350 Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet  
His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train  
Accompani'd then with his own compleat  
Perfections, in himself was all his state,  
More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits

355 On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long  
Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold  
Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.  
Neerer his presence *Adam* though not awd,  
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,

360 As to a superior Nature, bowing low,  
Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place

None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain;  
Since by descending from the Thrones above,  
Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while  
365 To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us  
Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess  
This spacious ground, in yonder shadie Bowre  
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears  
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
370 Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.  
Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answerd milde.  
*Adam*, I therefore came, nor art thou such  
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n  
375 To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre  
Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Eevning rise  
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge  
They came, that like *Pomona*'s Arbour smil'd  
With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but *Eve*  
380 Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair  
Then Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd  
Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked strove,  
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile  
Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme  
385 Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*  
Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd  
Long after to blest *Marie*, second *Eve*.  
Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb  
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons

390 Then with these various fruits the Trees of God  
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie terf  
Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,  
And on her ample Square from side to side  
All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here  
395 Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;  
No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began  
Our Authour. Heav'ly stranger, please to taste  
These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom  
All perfet good unmeasur'd out, descends,  
400 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd  
The Earth to yield; unsavourie food perhaps  
To spiritual Natures; only this I know,  
That one Celestial Father gives to all.  
To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives  
405 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part  
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found  
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure  
Intelligential substances require  
As doth your Rational; and both contain  
410 Within them every lower facultie  
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
For know, whatever was created, needs  
415 To be sustaint and fed; of Elements  
The grosser feeds the purer, Earth the Sea,  
Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires

Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;  
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd  
420 Vapours not yet into her substance turnd.  
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale  
From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.  
The Sun that light imparts to all, receives  
From all his alimental recompence  
425 In humid exhalations, and at Even  
Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees  
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines  
Yield Nectar, though from off the boughs each Morn  
We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground  
430 Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here  
Varied his bounty so with new delights,  
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste  
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,  
And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly  
435 The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss  
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch  
Of real hunger, and concoctive heate  
To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires  
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire  
440 Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchimist  
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn  
Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold  
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*  
Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups  
445 With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence

Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,  
 Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin  
 Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts  
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousie  
 450 Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd,  
 Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose  
 In *Adam*, not to let th' occasion pass  
 Given him by this great Conference to know  
 455 Of things above his World, and of thir being  
 Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellency he saw  
 Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms  
 Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far  
 Exceeded human, and his wary speech

460 Thus to th' Empyreal Minister he fram'd.  
 Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man,  
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't  
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,

465 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,  
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
 At Heav'ns high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?  
 To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd.  
 O *Adam*, one Almighty is, from whom

470 All things proceed, and up to him return,  
 If not deprav'd from good, created all  
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,  
 Indu'd with various forms, various degrees

Of substance, and in things that live, of life;  
475 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,  
As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending  
Each in thir several active Sphears assignd,  
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds  
Proportiond to each kind. So from the root  
480 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves  
More aerie, last the bright consummate floure  
Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit  
Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd  
To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,  
485 To intellectual, give both life and sense,  
Fansie and understanding, whence the Soule  
Reason receives, and reason is her being,  
Discursive, or Intuitive; discourse  
Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours,  
490 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.  
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good  
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
To proper substance, time may come when men  
With Angels may participate, and find  
495 No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare:  
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps  
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,  
Improv'd by tract of time, and wingd ascend  
Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice  
500 Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell;  
If ye be found obedient, and retain

Unalterably firm his love entire  
 Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy  
 Your fill what happiness this happie state  
 505 Can comprehend, incapable of more.  
 To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd,  
 O favourable spirit, propitious guest,  
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
 Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set  
 510 From center to circumference, whereon  
 In contemplation of created things  
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
 What meant that caution joind, *if ye be found*  
*Obedient?* can we want obedience then  
 515 To him, or possibly his love desert  
 Who formd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?  
 To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,  
 520 Attend: That thou art happie, owe to God;  
 That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,  
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.  
 This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.  
 God made thee perfet, not immutable;  
 525 And good he made thee, but to persevere  
 He left it in thy power, ordaind thy will  
 By nature free, not over-rul'd by Fate  
 Inextricable, or strict necessity;  
 Our voluntarie service he requires,

530 Not our necessitated, such with him  
Findes no acceptance, nor can find, for how  
Can hearts, not free, be tri'd whether they serve  
Willing or no, who will but what they must  
By Destinie, and can no other choose?

535 My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand  
In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state  
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;  
On other surety none; freely we serve,  
Because wee freely love, as in our will

540 To love or not; in this we stand or fall:  
And som are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,  
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell; O fall  
From what high state of bliss into what woe!  
To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words

545 Attentive, and with more delighted eare,  
Divine instructer, I have heard, then when  
Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills  
Aereal Music send: nor knew I not  
To be both will and deed created free;

550 Yet that we never shall forget to love  
Our maker, and obey him whose command  
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
Assur'd me, and still assure: though what thou tellst  
Hath past in Heav'n, som doubt within me move,

555 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;

And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun

Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce begins

560 His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.

Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*

After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,

Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate

565 To human sense th' invisible exploits

Of warring Spirits; how without remorse

The ruin of so many glorious once

And perfet while they stood; how last unfould

The secrets of another world, perhaps

570 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good

This is dispenc't, and what surmounts the reach

Of human sense, I shall delineate so,

By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,

As may express them best, though what if Earth

575 Be but the shaddow of Heav'n, and things therein

Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and *Chaos* wilde

Reignd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth now

Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day

(rests

580 (For time, though in Eternitie, appli'd

To motion, measures all things durable

By present, past, and future) on such day

As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Empyreal Host

Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd,

585 Innumerable before th' Almighties Throne

Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appeerd  
Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright  
Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd,  
Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare  
590 Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve  
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees;  
Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd  
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love  
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes  
595 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,  
By whom in bliss imbosm'd sat the Son,  
Amidst as from a flaming Mount, whose top  
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.  
600 Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light,  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
Hear my Decree, which unrevok't shall stand.  
This day I have begot whom I declare  
My onely Son, and on this holy Hill  
605 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;  
And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow  
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:  
Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide  
610 United as one individual Soule  
For ever happie: him who disobeys  
Mee disobeys, breaks union, and that day  
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls

Into utter darkness, deep ingulf't, his place  
615 Ordaind without redemption, without end.  
So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words  
All seemd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all.  
That day, as other solemn dayes, they spent  
In song and dance about the sacred Hill,  
620 Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare  
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheeles  
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,  
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular  
Then most, when most irregular they seem,  
625 And in thir motions harmonie Divine  
So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear  
Listens delighted. Eevning now approach'd  
(For wee have also our Eevning and our Morn,  
Wee ours for change delectable, not need)  
630 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
Desirous; all in Circles as they stood,  
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd  
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows  
In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,  
635 Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.  
On flours repos'd, and with fresh flourets crownd,  
They eate, they drink, and in communion sweet  
Quaff immortalitie and joy, secure  
Of surfet where full measure onely bounds  
640 Excess, before th' all bounteous King, who showrd  
With copious hand, rejoicing in thir joy.

Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd  
From that high mount of God, whence light & shade  
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had chang'd  
645 To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there  
In darker veile) and roseat Dews dispos'd  
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,  
Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr  
Then all this globous Earth in Plain out spred,  
650 (Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng  
Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend  
By living Streams among the Trees of Life,  
Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,  
Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept  
655 Fann'd with coole Winds, save those who in thir course  
Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne  
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd  
*Satan*, so call him now, his former name  
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,  
660 If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,  
In favour and præeminence, yet fraught  
With envie against the Son of God, that day  
Honourd by his great Father, and proclaimd  
*Messiah* King anointed, could not beare  
665 Through pride that sight, & thought himself impaid.  
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,  
Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre  
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd  
With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave

670 Unworshipt, unobey'd the Throne supream  
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate  
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleepst thou Companion dear, what sleep can close  
Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree

675 Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips  
Of Heav'ns Almightie. Thou to me thy thoughts  
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;  
Both waking we were one; how then can now  
Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos'd;

680 New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate  
What doubtful may ensue, more in this place  
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;

685 Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night  
Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
And all who under me thir Banners wave,  
Homeward with flying march where we possess  
The Quarters of the North, there to prepare

690 Fit entertainment to receive our King  
The great *Messiah*, and his new commands,  
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies  
Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.

So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd  
695 Bad influence into th' unwarie brest  
Of his Associate; hee together calls,  
Or several one by one, the Regent Powers,

Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,  
That the most High commanding, now ere Night,  
700 Now ere dim Night had disincumberd Heav'n,  
The great Hierachal Standard was to move;  
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd

705 The wonted signal, and superior voice  
Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed  
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;  
His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides  
The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes

710 Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Host:  
Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discernes  
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount  
And from within the golden Lamps that burne  
Nightly before him, saw without thir light

715 Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spred  
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;  
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.  
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold

720 In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,  
Neerly it now concernes us to be sure  
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms  
We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe

725 Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne

Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;  
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
In battel, what our Power is, or our right.  
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw

730 With speed what force is left, and all employ  
In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.  
To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer  
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,

735 Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes  
Justly hast in derision, and secure  
Laugh'st at thir vain designes and tumults vain,  
Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate  
Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power

740 Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event  
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.  
So spake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers  
Far was advanc't on winged speed, an Host

745 Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,  
Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun  
Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.  
Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies  
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones

750 In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which  
All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more  
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,  
And all the Sea, from one entire globose

Stretcht into Longitude; which having pass'd  
755 At length into the limits of the North  
They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat  
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount  
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towns  
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, and Rocks of Gold,  
760 The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call  
That Structure in the Dialect of men  
Interpreted) which not long after, he  
Affecting all equality with God,  
In imitation of that Mount whereon  
765 *Messiah* was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,  
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;  
For thither he assembl'd all his Train,  
Pretending so commanded to consult  
About the great reception of thir King,  
770 Thither to come, and with calumnious Art  
Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.  
Thrones, Dominations, Prinedomes, Vertues, Powers,  
If these magnific Titles yet remain  
Not meerly titular, since by Decree  
775 Another now hath to himself ingross't  
All Power, and us eclips't under the name  
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste  
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
This onely to consult how we may best  
780 With what may be devis'd of honours new  
Receive him coming to receive from us

Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,  
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,  
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?

785 But what if better counsels might erect  
Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?  
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend  
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust  
To know ye right, or if ye know your selves

790 Natives and Sons of Heav'n possest before  
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,  
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees  
Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.  
Who can in reason then or right assume

795 Monarchie over such as live by right  
His equals, if in power and splendor less,  
In freedome equal? or can introduce  
Law and Edict on us, who without law  
Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,

800 And look for adoration to th' abuse  
Of those Imperial Titles which assert  
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?  
Thus farr his bold discourse without controule  
Had audience, when among the Seraphim

805 *Abdiel*, then whom none with more zeale ador'd  
The Deitie, and divine commands obeid,  
Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe  
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.  
O argument blasphemous, false and proud!

810 Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n  
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate  
In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.  
Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne  
The just Decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,  
815 That to his only Son by right endu'd  
With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n  
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist  
Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,  
820 And equal over equals to let Reigne,  
One over all with unsucceeded power.  
Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute  
With him the points of libertie, who made  
Thee what thou art, and formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n  
825 Such as he pleasd, and circumscrib'd thir being?  
Yet by experience taught we know how good,  
And of our good, and of our dignitie  
How provident he is, how farr from thought  
To make us less, bent rather to exalt  
830 Our happie state under one Head more neer  
United. But to grant it thee unjust,  
That equal over equals Monarch Reigne:  
Thy self though great and glorious dost thou count,  
Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,  
835 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom  
As by his Word the mighty Father made  
All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n

By him created in thir bright degrees,  
Crown'd them with Glory, and to thir Glory nam'd  
840 Thrones, Dominations, Prinedoms, Vertues, Powers,  
Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd,  
But more illustrious made, since he the Head  
One of our number thus reduc't becomes,  
His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done  
845 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,  
And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease  
Th' incensed Father, and th' incensed Son,  
While Pardon may be found in time besought.

So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale  
850 None seconded, as out of season judg'd,  
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd  
Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.  
That we were formd then saist thou? and the work  
Of secondarie hands, by task transferd  
855 From Father to his Son? strange point and new!  
Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who saw  
When this creation was? rememberst thou  
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?  
We know no time when we were not as now;  
860 Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd  
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course  
Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature  
Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.  
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand  
865 Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try

Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold  
Whether by supplication we intend  
Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne  
Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
870 These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;  
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.  
He said, and as the sound of waters deep  
Hoarce murmur echo'd to his words applause  
Through the infinite Host, nor less for that  
875 The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone  
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answerd bold.  
O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,  
Forsak'n of all good; I see thy fall  
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd  
880 In this perfidious fraud, contagion spred  
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth  
No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke  
Of Gods *Messiah*; those indulgent Laws  
Will not be now voutsaf't, other Decrees  
885 Against thee are gon forth without recall;  
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject  
Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and break  
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,  
Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly  
890 These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth  
Impendent, raging into sudden flame  
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel  
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.

Then who created thee lamenting learne,  
895 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.  
So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,  
Among the faithless, faithful only hee;  
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,  
Unshak'n, unseduc'd, unterrifi'd  
900 His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;  
Nor number, nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind  
Though single. From amidst them forth he passd,  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind  
905 Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;  
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd  
On those proud Towrs to swift destruction doom'd.

*The End of the Fifth Book.*

# Paradise Lost.

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## BOOK VI.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battel against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Councel, invents devilish Engines, whicb in the second dayes Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelm'd both the force and Machins of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the thbird day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that Victory: Hee in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; whicb opening, they leap down with horrour and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

ALL night the dreadless Angel unpursu'd  
Through Heav'n's wide Champain held his way,  
till Morn,  
Wak't by the circling Hours, with rosie hand  
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave  
5 Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,  
Where light and darkness in perpetual round  
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heav'n  
Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night;  
Light issues forth, and at the other dore  
10 Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour  
To veile the Heav'n, though darkness there might well  
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn  
Such as in highest Heav'n, arrayd in Gold  
Empyreal, from before her vanisht Night,  
15 Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain  
Coverd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright,  
Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:  
Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and found  
20 Already known what he for news had thought  
To have reported: gladly then he mixt  
Among those friendly Powers who him receav'd  
With joy and acclamations loud, that one  
That of so many Myriads fall'n, yet one  
25 Returnd not lost: On to the sacred hill  
They led him high applauded, and present  
Before the seat supream; from whence a voice

From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.  
Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought

30 The better fight, who single hast maintaind  
Against revolted multitudes the Cause  
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes;  
And for the testimonie of Truth hast born  
Universal reproach, far worse to beare

35 Then violence: for this was all thy care  
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds  
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now  
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,  
Back on thy foes more glorious to return

40 Then scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue  
By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,  
Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King  
*Messiah*, who by right of merit Reigns.  
Go *Michael* of Celestial Armies Prince,

45 And thou in Military prowess next  
*Gabriel*, lead forth to Battel these my Sons  
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints  
By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight;  
Equal in number to that Godless crew

50 Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms  
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n  
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,  
Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf  
Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide

55 His fiery *Chaos* to receave thir fall.

So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began  
To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl  
In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe  
Of wrauth awak't: nor with less dread the loud  
60 Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow:  
At which command the Powers Militant,  
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd  
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on  
In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound  
65 Of instrumental Harmonie that breath'd  
Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds  
Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause  
Of God and his *Messiah*. On they move  
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious Hill,  
70 Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides  
Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground  
Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore  
Thir nimble tread, as when the total kind  
Of Birds in orderly array on wing  
75 Came summond over *Eden* to receive  
Thir names of thee; so over many a tract  
Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide  
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last  
Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeir'd  
80 From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht  
In battailous aspect, and neerer view  
Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable  
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields

Various, with boastful Argument portraid,  
85 The banded Powers of *Satan* hasting on  
With furious expedition; for they weend  
That self same day by fight, or by surprize  
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne  
To set the envier of his State, the proud  
90 Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain  
In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd  
At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,  
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet  
So oft in Festivals of joy and love  
95 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire  
Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout  
Of Battel now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst exalted as a God  
100 Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sate  
Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos'd  
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;  
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now  
'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,  
105 A dreadful intervall, and Front to Front  
Presented stood in terrible array  
Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,  
On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,  
*Satan* with vast and haughtie strides advanc't,  
110 Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold;  
*Abdiel* that sight endur'd not, where he stood

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Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
High in the midst exalted as a God  
100 Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot sate  
Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos'd  
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;  
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now  
'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,  
105 A dreadful intervall, and Front to Front  
Presented stood in terrible array  
Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,  
On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,  
*Satan* with vast and haughtie strides advanc't,  
110 Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold;  
*Abdiel* that sight endur'd not, where he stood

Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest  
115 Should yet remain, where faith and realtie  
Remain not; wherfore should not strength and might  
There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest prove  
Where boldest; though to sight unconquerable?  
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aide,  
120 I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri'd  
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,  
That he who in debate of Truth hath won,  
Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike  
Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,  
125 When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
Most reason is that Reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed Peers  
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met  
His daring foe, at this prevention more  
130 Incens't, and thus securely him defi'd.

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reacht  
The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd,  
The Throne of God unguarded, and his side  
Abandond at the terror of thy Power  
135 Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain  
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;  
Who out of smallest things could without end  
Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat  
Thy folly; or with solitarie hand

140 Reaching beyond all limit at one blow  
  Unaide could have finisht thee, and whelmd  
  Thy Legions under darkness; but thou seest  
  All are not of thy Train; there be who Faith  
  Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then

145 To thee not visible, when I alone  
  Seemd in thy World erroneous to dissent  
  From all: my Sect thou seest, now learn too late  
  How few somtimes may know, when thousands err.  
  Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance

150 Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre  
  Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst  
  From flight, seditious Angel, to receave  
  Thy merited reward, the first assay  
  Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue

155 Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose  
  A third part of the Gods, in Synod met  
  Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel  
  Vigour Divine within them, can allow  
  Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst

160 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
  From me som Plume, that thy success may show  
  Destruction to the rest: this pause between  
  (Unanswerd least thou boast) to let thee know;  
  At first I thought that Libertie and Heav'n

165 To heav'ly Soules had bin all one; but now  
  I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
  Ministring Spirits, traинд up in Feast and Song;

Such hast thou arm'd, the Ministrelsie of Heav'n,  
Servilitie with freedom to contend,  
170 As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall prove.  
To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern repli'd.  
Apostat, still thou errst, nor end wilt find  
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:  
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name  
175 Of *Servitude* to serve whom God ordains,  
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the same,  
When he who rules is worthiest, and excells  
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,  
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd  
180 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
Thy self not free, but to thy self entrall'd;  
Yet leudly dar'st our ministering upbraid.  
Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee serve  
In Heav'n God ever blest, and his Divine  
185 Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd,  
Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect: mean while  
From mee returnd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
This greeting on thy impious Crest receive.  
So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
190 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
On the proud Crest of *Satan*, that no sight,  
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield  
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge  
He back recoild; the tenth on bended knee  
195 His massie Spear upstaid; as if on Earth

Winds under ground or waters forcing way  
Sidelong, had push't a Mountain from his seat  
Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seis'd  
The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see  
200 Thus foil'd thir mightiest, ours joy fill'd, and shout,  
Presage of Victorie and fierce desire  
Of Battel: whereat *Michael* bid sound  
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven  
It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung  
205 *Hosanna* to the Highest: nor stood at gaze  
The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd  
The horrid shock: now storming furie rose,  
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now  
Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd  
210 Horrible discord, and the madding Wheeles  
Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the noise  
Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss  
Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,  
And flying vaulted either Host with fire.  
215 So under fierie Cope together rush'd  
Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage; all Heav'n  
Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth  
Had to her Center shook. What wonder? when  
220 Millions of fierce encountering Angels fought  
On either side, the least of whom could weild  
These Elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all thir Regions: how much more of Power

Armie against Armie numberless to raise  
225 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat;  
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent  
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd  
And limited thir might; though numberd such  
230 As each divided Legion might have seemd  
A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand  
A Legion, led in fight, yet Leader seemd  
Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
235 Of Battel, open when, and when to close  
The ridges of grim Warr; no thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argu'd fear; each on himself reli'd,  
As onely in his arm the moment lay  
240 Of victorie; deeds of eternal fame  
Were don, but infinite: for wide was spred  
That Warr and various; somtimes on firm ground  
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing  
Tormented all the Air; all Air seemd then  
245 Conflicting Fire: long time in eeven scale  
The Battel hung; till *Satan*, who that day  
Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes  
No equal, raunging through the dire attack  
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length  
250 Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd  
Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway

Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down  
Wide wasting; such destruction to withstand  
He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb  
255 Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield  
A vast circumference: At his approach  
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile  
Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end  
Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd  
260 Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown  
And visage all enflam'd first thus began.  
Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest  
These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
265 Though heaviest by just measure on thy self  
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd  
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into Nature brought  
Miserie, uncreated till the crime  
Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd  
270 Thy malice into thousands, once upright  
And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here  
To trouble Holy Rest; Heav'n casts thee out  
From all her Confines. Heav'n the seat of bliss  
Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.  
275 Hence then, and evil go with thee along  
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,  
Thou and thy wicked crew; there mingle broiles,  
Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,  
Or som more sudden vengeance wing'd from God

280 Precipitate thee with augmented paine.  
So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus  
The Adversarie. Nor think thou with wind  
Of airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds  
Thou canst not. Hast thou turnd the least of these  
285 To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise  
Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee  
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats  
To chase me hence? erre not that so shall end  
The strife which thou call'st evil, but wee style  
290 The strife of Glorie: which we mean to win,  
Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell  
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,  
If not to reign: mean while thy utmost force,  
And join him nam'd *Almighty* to thy aid,  
295 I flie not, but have sought thee farr and nigh.  
They ended parle, and both addrest for fight  
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue  
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
Likен on Earth conspicuous, that may lift  
300 Human imagination to such highth  
Of Godlike Power: for likest Gods they seemd,  
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms  
Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.  
Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire  
305 Made horrid Circles; two broad Suns thir Shields  
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood  
In horror; from each hand with speed retir'd

Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,  
And left large field, unsafe within the wind

310 Of such commotion, such as to set forth  
Great things by small, If Natures concord broke,  
Among the Constellations warr were sprung,  
Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne  
Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,

315 Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.  
Together both with next to Almighty Arme,  
Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd  
That might determine, and not need repeate,  
As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd

320 In might or swift prevention; but the sword  
Of *Michael* from the Armorie of God  
Was giv'n him temperd so, that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
The sword of *Satan* with steep force to smite

325 Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,  
But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd  
All his right side; then *Satan* first knew pain,  
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore  
The griding sword with discontinuous wound

330 Pass'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance clos'd  
Not long divisible, and from the gash  
A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd  
Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,  
And all his Armour staind ere while so bright.

335 Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run

By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd  
Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields  
Back to his Chariot; where it stood retir'd  
From off the files of warr; there they him laid

340 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame  
To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr beneath  
His confidence to equal God in power.  
Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout

345 Vital in every part, not as frail man  
In Entrails, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,  
Cannot but by annihilating die;  
Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound  
Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire:

350 All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,  
All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,  
They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size  
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.  
Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd

355 Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,  
And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array  
Of *Moloc* furious King, who him defi'd,  
And at his Chariot wheeles to drag him bound  
Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n

360 Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon  
Down clov'n to the waste, with shatterd Armes  
And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing  
*Uriel* and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,

Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,  
365 Vanquish'd *Adramelec*, and *Asmadai*,  
Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods  
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learnt in thir flight,  
Mangl'd with gasty wounds through Plate and Maile,  
Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy

370 The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow  
*Ariel* and *Arioc*, and the violence  
Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.  
I might relate of thousands, and thir names  
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect

375 Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n  
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort  
In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,  
Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome  
Cancelld from Heav'n and sacred memorie,

380 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.  
For strength from Truth divided and from Just,  
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise  
And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires  
Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:

385 Therfore Eternal silence be thir doome.  
And now thir Mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,  
With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout  
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground  
With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap

390 Chariot and Charioter lay overturnd  
And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld

Orewearied, throught the faint Satanic Host  
 Defensive scarſe, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine  
 395 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
 Not liable to fear or flight or paine.  
 Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints  
 In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,  
 400 Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:  
 Such high advantages thir innocence  
 Gave them above thir foes; not to have sinnd,  
 Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood  
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd  
 405 By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd.  
 Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n  
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,  
 And silence on the odious dinn of Warr:  
 Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,  
 410 Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughтен field  
*Michael* and his Angels prevalent  
 Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,  
 Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part  
*Satan* with his rebellious disappeerd,  
 415 Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,  
 His Potentates to Councel call'd by night;  
 And in the midst thus undismai'd began.  
 O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes  
 Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,

420 Found worthy not of Libertie alone,  
Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,  
Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,  
Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight  
(And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)

425 What Heavens Lord had powerfullest to send  
Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd  
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,  
Of future we may deem him, though till now

430 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,  
Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,  
Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,  
Since now we find this our Empyreal form  
Incapable of mortal injurie

435 Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,  
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.  
Of evil then so small as easie think  
The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,  
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,

440 May serve to better us, and worse our foes,  
Or equal what between us made the odds,  
In Nature none: if other hidden cause  
Left them Superiour, while we can preserve  
Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,

445 Due search and consultation will disclose.  
He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood  
*Nisroc*, of Principalities the prime;

As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,  
Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,

450 And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.  
Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free  
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard  
For Gods, and too unequal work we find  
Against unequal armes to fight in paine,

455 Against unpaind, impassive; from which evil  
Ruin must needs ensue; for what availes  
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with pain  
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well

460 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
But live content, which is the calmest life:  
But pain is perfet miserie, the worst  
Of evils, and excessive, overturnes  
All patience. He who therefore can invent

465 With what more forcible we may offend  
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme  
Our selves with like defence, to me deserves  
No less then for deliverance what we owe.

Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* repli'd.

470 Not uninvented that, which thou aright  
Believst so main to our success, I bring;  
Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,  
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adornd

475 With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms & Gold,

Whose Eye so superficially surveys  
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow  
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,  
Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht

480 With Heav'ns ray, and temperd they shoot forth  
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.  
These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep  
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,  
Which into hallow Engins long and round

485 Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire  
Dilated and infuriate shall send forth  
From far with thundring noise among our foes  
Such implements of mischief as shall dash  
To pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands

490 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarmd  
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.  
Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,  
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;  
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind

495 Think nothing hard, much less to be despaird.  
He ended, and his words thir drooping chere  
Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd.  
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee  
To be th' inventer miss'd, so easie it seemd

500 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought  
Impossible: yet haply of thy Race  
In future dayes, if Malice should abound,  
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd

With dev'lish machination might devise  
505 Like instrument to plague the Sons of men  
For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.  
Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,  
None arguing stood, innumerable hands  
Were ready, in a moment up they turnd  
510 Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath  
Th' originals of Nature in thir crude  
Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame  
They found, they mingl'd, and with subtle Art,  
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd  
515 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:  
Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth  
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,  
Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls  
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
520 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.  
So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night  
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,  
With silent circumspection unespi'd.  
Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd  
525 Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms  
The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood  
Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,  
Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills  
Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed scourse,  
530 Each quarter, to descrie the distant foe,  
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,

In motion or in alt: him soon they met  
Under spred Ensinges moving nigh, in slow  
But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail  
535 *Zophiel*, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd.  
Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,  
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day, fear not his flight; so thick a Cloud  
540 He comes, and settl'd in his face I see  
Sad resolution and secure: let each  
His Adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orbed Shield,  
Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,  
545 If I conjecture aught, no drizling showr,  
But ratling storm of Arrows barbd with fire.  
So warnd he them aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment;  
Instant without disturb they took Allarm,  
550 And onward move Embattelld; when behold  
Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe  
Approaching gross and huge; in hollow Cube  
Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd  
On every side with shaddowing Squadrons Deep,  
555 To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
A while, but suddenly at head appeerd  
*Satan*: And thus was heard Commanding loud.  
Vanguard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;  
That all may see who hate us, how we seek

560 Peace and composure, and with open brest  
Stand readie to receive them, if they like  
Our overture, and turn not back perverse;  
But that I doubt, however witness Heaven,  
Heav'n witness thou anon, while we discharge

565 Freely our part; yee who appointed stand  
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.  
So scoffing in ambiguous words he scarce  
Had ended; when to Right and Left the Front

570 Divided, and to either Flank retir'd.  
Which to our eyes discoverd new and strange,  
A triple mounted row of Pillars laid  
On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd  
Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr

575 With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)  
Brass, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes  
With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce; at each behind  
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed

580 Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense,  
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,  
Not long, for sudden all at once thir Reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd  
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,

585 But soon obscur'd with smoak, all Heav'n appeerd,  
From those deep throated Engins belcht, whose roar  
Emboweld with outragious noise the Air,

And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule  
Thir devilish glut, chaind Thunderbolts and Hail  
590 Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host  
Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,  
That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand,  
Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell  
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;  
595 The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might  
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift  
By quick contraction or remove; but now  
Foule dissipation follow'd and forc't rout;  
Nor serv'd it to relax thir serried files.  
600 What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse  
Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,  
And to thir foes a laughter; for in view  
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row  
605 In posture to displode thir second tire  
Of Thunder: back defeated to return  
They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld thir pligt,  
And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.  
O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?  
610 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee,  
To entertain them fair with open Front  
And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms  
Of composition, strait they chang'd thir minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
615 As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemd

Somewhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps  
 For joy of offerd peace: but I suppose  
 If our proposals once again were heard  
 We should compel them to a quick result.

620 To whom thus *Belial* in like gamesom mood,  
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,  
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,  
 And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,  
 625 Had need from head to foot well understand;  
 Not understood, this gift they have besides,  
 They shew us when our foes walk not upright.  
 So they among themselves in pleasant veine  
 Stood scoffing, hightn'd in thir thoughts beyond  
 630 All doubt of Victorie, eternal might  
 To match with thir inventions they presum'd  
 So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,  
 And all his Host derided, while they stood  
 A while in trouble; but they stood not long,  
 635 Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms  
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.  
 Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power  
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)  
 Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills  
 640 (For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n  
 Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)  
 Light as the Lightning glimps they ran, they flew,  
 From thir foundations loosning to and fro

They plukt the seated Hills with all thir load,  
645 Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops  
Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,  
Be sure, and terrour seis'd the rebel Host,  
When coming towards them so dread they saw  
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,  
650 Till on those cursed Engins triple-row  
They saw them whelm'd, and all thir confidence  
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,  
Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads  
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air  
655 Came shadowing, and opprest whole Legions arm'd,  
Thir armor help'd thir harm, crush't in and bruis'd  
Into thir substance pent, which wrought them pain  
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
Long strugling underneath, ere they could wind  
660 Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,  
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
The rest in imitation to like Armes  
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills uptore;  
So Hills amid the Air encounterd Hills  
665 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,  
That under ground, they fought in dismal shade;  
Infernal noise; Warr seem'd a civil Game  
To this uproar; horrid confusion heapt  
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heav'n  
670 Had gon to wrack, with ruin overspred,  
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits

Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,  
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:  
675 That his great purpose he might so fulfill,  
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd  
Upon his enemies, and to declare  
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son  
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.

680 Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,  
Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
Visibly, what by Deitie I am,  
And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,  
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,

685 Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,  
Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame  
These disobedient; sore hath been thir fight,  
As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd;  
For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,

690 Equal in their Creation they were form'd,  
Save what sin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought  
Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;  
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
Endless, and no solution will be found:

695 Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,  
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines,  
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which makes  
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.  
Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine;

700 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr  
Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine  
Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou  
Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace  
Immense I have trans fus'd, that all may know  
705 In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,  
And this perverse Commotion governd thus,  
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King  
By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.

710 Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might,  
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheeles  
That shake Heav'n's basis, bring forth all my Warr,  
My Bow and Thunder, my Almightye Arms  
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;

715 Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out  
From all Heav'n's bounds into the utter Deep:  
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
God and *Messiah* his anointed King.

He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct

720 Shon full, he all his Father full expresst  
Ineffably into his face receiv'd,  
And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.

O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,  
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou alwayes seekst

725 To glorifie thy Son, I alwayes thee,  
As is most just; this I my Glorie account,  
My exaltation, and my whole delight,

That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy will  
Fulfil'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.

730 Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume,  
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee  
For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st:  
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on

735 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,  
Armd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,  
To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down  
To chains of darkness, and th' undying Worm,

740 That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure  
Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount  
Unfained *Halleluiahs* to thee sing,

745 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.  
So said, he o're his Scepter bowing, rose  
From the right hand of Glorie where he sate,  
And the third sacred Morn began to shine  
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirlwind

750 The Chariot of Paternal Deitie, (sound  
Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele undrawn,  
It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd  
By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each  
Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all

755 And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the wheels

Of Beril, and careering Fires between;  
Over thir heads a chrystral Firmament,  
Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure  
Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.

760 Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd  
Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,  
Ascended, at his right hand Victorie  
Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow  
And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,

765 And from about him fierce Effusion rowld  
Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;  
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,  
He onward came, farr off his coming shon,  
And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)

770 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen:  
Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
On the Chrystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.  
Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own  
First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,

775 When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd  
Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n:  
Under whose conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd  
His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,  
Under thir Head imbodyed all in one.

780 Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd;  
At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd  
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went  
Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewd,

And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.  
785 This saw his hapless Foes but stood obdur'd,  
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers  
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?  
But to convince the proud what Signs availe,  
790 Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?  
They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,  
Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight  
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,  
Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud  
795 Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile  
Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall  
In universal ruin last, and now  
To final Battel drew, disdaining flight,  
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God  
800 To all his Host on either hand thus spake.  
Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand  
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;  
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,  
805 And as ye have receivd, so have ye don  
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs,  
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;  
Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd  
810 Nor multitude, stand onely and behold  
Gods indignation on these Godless pourd

By mee, not you but mee they have despis'd,  
Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,  
Because the Father, t' whom in Heav'n supream  
815 Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,  
Hath honourd me according to his will.  
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath assig'n'd;  
That they may have thir wish, to trie with mee  
In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,  
820 Or I alone against them, since by strength  
They measure all, of other excellence  
Not emulous, nor care who them excells;  
Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd  
825 His count'nance too severe to be beheld  
And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.  
At once the Four spred out thir Starrie wings  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes  
Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound  
830 Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host.  
Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,  
Gloomie as Night; under his burning Wheeles  
The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon  
835 Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand  
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent  
Before him, such as in thir Soules infix'd  
Plagues; they astonisht all resistance lost,  
All courage; down thir idle weapons drop'd;

840 O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode  
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,  
That wisht the Mountains now might be again  
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.  
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell

845 His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Foure,  
Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels  
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,  
One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye  
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire

850 Among th' accurst, that witherd all thir strength,  
And of thir wonted vigour left them drain'd,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.  
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd  
His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant

855 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n:  
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard  
Of Goats or timerous flock together throngd  
Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd  
With terrors and with furies to the bounds

860 And Chrystal wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,  
Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd  
Into the wastful Deep; the monstrous sight  
Strook them with horror backward, but far worse  
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they threw

865 Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth  
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.  
Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw

Heav'n ruining from Heav'n and would have fled  
Afrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep  
870 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.  
Nine dayes they fell; confounded *Chaos* roard,  
And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall  
Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout  
Incumberd him with ruin: Hell at last  
875 Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,  
Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.  
Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaired  
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.  
880 Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes  
*Messiah* his triumphal Chariot turnd:  
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood  
Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,  
With Jubilie advanc'd; and as they went,  
885 Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,  
Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,  
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,  
Worthiest to Reign: he celebrated rode  
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts  
890 And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd  
On high: who into Glorie him receav'd,  
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.  
Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth  
At thy request, and that thou maist beware  
895 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd

What might have else to human Race bin hid;  
The discord which befel, and Warr in Heav'n  
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall  
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd

900 With *Satan*, hee who envies now thy state,  
Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
Thee also from obedience, that with him  
Bereavd of happiness thou maist partake  
His punishment, Eternal miserie;

905 Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
As a despite don against the most High,  
Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.  
But list'n not to his Temptations, warne  
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard

910 By terrible Example the reward  
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,  
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

*The End of the Sixth Book.*

# Paradise Lost.

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## BOOK VII.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael *at the request of Adam relates how and wherfore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declar'd his pleasure to create another World and other Creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with Glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of Creation in six dayes: the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his reascention into Heaven.*

**D**ESCEND from Heav'n *Urания*, by that name  
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine  
Following, above th' *Olympian* Hill I soare,  
Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.  
5 The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,  
Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,  
Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,

10 Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play  
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd  
With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee  
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,  
An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyreal Aire,  
15 Thy tempring; with like safetie guided down  
Return me to my Native Element:  
Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once  
*Bellerophon*, though from a lower Clime)  
Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall  
20 Erroneous there to wander and forlorne.  
Half yet remaines unsung, but narrower bound  
Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;  
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,  
More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
25 To hoarce or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,  
On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;  
In darkness, and with dangers compast round,  
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn  
30 Purples the East: still govern thou my Song,  
*Urania*, and fit audience find, though few.  
But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance  
Of *Bacchus* and his revellers, the Race  
Of that wilde Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard  
35 In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Eares  
To rapture, till the savage clamor dround  
Both Harp and Voice; nor could the Muse defend

Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:  
For thou art Heav'nlie, shee an empty dreame.

40 Say Goddess, what ensu'd when *Raphael*,  
The affable Arch-Angel, had forewarn'd  
*Adam* by dire example to beware  
Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven  
To those Apostates, least the like befall

45 In Paradise to *Adam* or his Race,  
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,  
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
So easily obeyd amid the choice  
Of all tastes else to please thir appetite,

50 Though wandring. He with his consorted *Eve*  
The storie heard attentive, and was fill'd  
With admiration, and deep Muse to heare  
Of things so high and strange, things to thir thought  
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,

55 And Warr so neer the Peace of God in bliss  
With such confusion: but the evil soon  
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those  
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
With Blessedness. Whence *Adam* soon repeal'd

60 The doubts that in his heart arose: and now  
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know  
What neerer might concern him, how this World  
Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began,  
When, and whereof created, for what cause,

65 What within *Eden* or without was done

Before his memorie, as one whose drouth  
 Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current streame,  
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
 Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest.

70 Great things, and full of wonder in our eares,  
 Farr differing from this World, thou hast reveal'd  
 Divine interpreter, by favour sent  
 Down from the Empyrean to forewarne  
 Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,

75 Unknown, which human knowldg could not reach:  
 For which to the infinitly Good we owe  
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
 Receave with solemne purpose to observe  
 Immutably his sovran will, the end

80 Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaf't  
 Gently for our instruction to impart  
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd  
 Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seemd,  
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate

85 What may no less perhaps availe us known,  
 How first began this Heav'n which we behold  
 Distant so high, with moving Fires adornd  
 Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills  
 All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd

90 Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause  
 Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest  
 Through all Eternitie so late to build  
 In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how soon

Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfould  
95 What wee, not to explore the secrets aske  
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more  
To magnifie his works, the more we know.  
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run  
Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n  
100 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,  
And longer will delay to heare thee tell  
His Generation, and the rising Birth  
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:  
Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon  
105 Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring  
Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,  
Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song  
End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine.  
Thus *Adam* his illustrious Guest besought:  
110 And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde.  
This also thy request with caution askt  
Obtaine: though to recount Almighty works  
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
115 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
To glorifie the Maker, and inferr  
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
Thy hearing, such Commission from above  
I have receav'd, to answer thy desire  
120 Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain  
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope

Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,  
Onely Omniscent, hath supprest in Night,  
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:

125 Anough is left besides to search and know.  
But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
Her Temperance over Appetite, to know  
In measure what the mind may well contain,  
Oppresses else with Surfet, and soon turns  
130 Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde.  
Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n  
(So call him, brighter once amidst the Host  
Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)  
Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep  
135 Into his place, and the great Son returnd  
Victorius with his Saints, th' Omnipotent  
Eternal Father from his Throne beheld  
Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought  
140 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid  
This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
Of Deitie supream, us dispossest,  
He trusted to have seis'd, and into fraud  
Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more;  
145 Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,  
Thir station, Heav'n yet populous retaines  
Number sufficient to possess her Realmes  
Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent  
With Ministeries due and solemn Rites:

150 But least his heart exalt him in the harme  
Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n  
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repaire  
That detriment, if such it be to lose  
Self-lost, and in a moment will create

155 Another World, out of one man a Race  
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd  
They open to themselves at length the way  
Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,

160 And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n, & Heav'n to Earth,  
One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.  
Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n,  
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
This I perform, speak thou, and be it don:

165 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee  
I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep  
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,  
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill  
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.

170 Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire,  
And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
To act or not, Necessitie and Chance  
Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.  
So spake th' Almighty, and to what he spake

175 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.  
Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift  
Then time or motion, but to human ears

Cannot without process of speech be told,  
 So told as earthly notion can receave.

180 Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heav'n  
 When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will;  
 Glorie they sung to the most High, good will  
 To future men, and in thir dwellings peace:  
 Glorie to him whose just avenging ire

185 Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight  
 And th' habitations of the just; to him  
 Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd  
 Good out of evil to create, in stead  
 Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring

190 Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse  
 His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.  
 So sang the Hierarchies: Mean while the Son  
 On his great Expedition now appear'd,  
 Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd

195 Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love  
 Immense, and all his Father in him shon.  
 About his Chariot numberless were pou'r'd  
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
 And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,

200 From the Armoury of God, where stand of old  
 Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd  
 Against a solemn day, harnest at hand,  
 Celestial Equipeage; and now came forth  
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,

205 Attendant on thir Lord: Heav'n op'nd wide

Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound  
On golden Hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glorie in his powerful Word  
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.

210 On heav'ly ground they stood, and from the shore  
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss  
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,  
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes  
And surging waves, as Mountains to assault

215 Heav'ns highth, and with the Center mix the Pole.  
Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,  
Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end:

Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim  
Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode

220 Farr into *Chaos*, and the World unborn;  
For *Chaos* heard his voice: him all his Traine  
Follow'd in bright procession to behold  
Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then staid the fervid Wheeles, and in his hand

225 He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd  
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe  
This Universe, and all created things:

One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd  
Round through the vast profunditie obscure,

230 And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,  
This be thy just Circumference, O World.  
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,  
Matter unform'd and void: Darkness profound

Cover'd th' Abyss: but on the watrie calme

235 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,  
 And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth  
 Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd  
 The black tartareous cold Infernal dregs  
 Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd  
 240 Like things to like, the rest to several place  
 Disparted, and between spun out the Air,  
 And Earth self ballanc't on her Center hung.

Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light  
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure

245 Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East  
 To journie through the airie gloom began,  
 Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun  
 Was not; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle  
 . Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good;  
 250 And light from darkness by the Hemisphere  
 Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night  
 He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn:  
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung  
 By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light  
 255 Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld;  
 Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout  
 The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,  
 And touch't thir Golden Harps, and hymning prais'd  
 God and his works, Creatour him they sung,  
 260 Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn.  
 Again, God said, let ther be Firmament

Amid the Waters, and let it divide  
The Waters from the Waters: and God made  
The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
265 Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd  
In circuit to the uttermost convex  
Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,  
The Waters underneath from those above  
Dividing: for as Earth, so he the World  
270 Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide  
Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule  
Of *Chaos* farr remov'd, least fierce extreames  
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:  
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Eev'n  
275 And Morning *Chorus* sung the second Day.  
The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet  
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,  
Appeir'd not: over all the face of Earth  
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme  
280 Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe,  
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,  
Satiate with genial moisture, when God said  
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n  
Into one place, and let dry Land appeir.  
285 Immediately the Mountains huge appeir  
Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave  
Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie:  
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,

290 Capacious bed of Waters: thither they  
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld  
As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;  
Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,  
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd

295 On the swift flouds: as Armies at the call  
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)  
Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,  
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,  
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,

300 Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill,  
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide  
With Serpent errorr wandring, found thir way,  
And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;  
Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,

305 All but within those banks, where Rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.  
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle  
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:  
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth

310 Put forth the verdant Grass, Herb yielding Seed,  
And Fruit Tree yielding Fruit after her kind;  
Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.  
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then  
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,

315 Brought forth the tender Grass, whose verdure clad  
Her Universal Face with pleasant green,  
Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd

Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay  
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,  
320 Forth flourish't thick the clustering Vine, forth crept  
The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed  
Embattell'd in her field: and the humble Shrub,  
And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit: last  
Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spred  
325 Thir branches hung with copious Fruit; or gemm'd  
Thir blossoms: with high woods the hills were crownd,  
With tufts the vallies and each fountain side,  
With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now  
Seemd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might dwell,  
330 Or wander with delight, and love to haunt  
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd  
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist  
Went up and waterd all the ground, and each  
335 Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth  
God made, and every Herb, before it grew  
On the green stemm; God saw that it was good.  
So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.  
Again th' Almightye spake: Let there be Lights  
340 High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide  
The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,  
For Seasons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,  
And let them be for Lights as I ordaine  
Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav'n  
345 To give Light on the Earth; and it was so.

And God made two great Lights, great for thir use  
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,  
The less by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,  
And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n

350 To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day  
In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,  
And Light from Darkness to divide. God saw,  
Surveying his great Work, that it was good:  
For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun

355 A mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightsom first,  
Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon  
Globose, and every magnitude of Starrs,  
And sowd with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field:  
Of Light by farr the greater part he took,

360 Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd  
In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine  
Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.  
Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs

365 Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,  
And hence the Morning Planet guilds her horns;  
By tincture or reflection they augment  
Thir small peculiar, though from human sight  
So farr remote, with diminution seen.

370 First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,  
Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round  
Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run  
His Longitude through Heav'n's high rode: the gray

Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd  
375 Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,  
But opposite in leveld West was set  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light  
From him, for other light she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keepes  
380 Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,  
Revolvd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign  
With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand Starres, that then appeer'd  
Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adorn'd  
385 With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,  
Glad Eevning and glad Morn crownd the fourth day.  
And God said, let the Waters generate  
Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:  
And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings  
390 Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n.  
And God created the great Whales, and each  
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
The waters generated by thir kindes,  
And every Bird of wing after his kinde;  
395 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,  
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas  
And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;  
And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.  
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay  
400 With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales  
Of Fish that with thir Finns and shining Scales

Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft  
Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate  
Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, and through Groves  
405 Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance  
Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,  
Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food  
In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seale,  
410 And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk  
Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate  
Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan  
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep  
Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,  
415 And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles  
Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.  
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares  
Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that soon  
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd  
420 Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledge  
They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air sublime  
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud  
In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork  
On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build:  
425 Part loosly wing the Region, part more wise  
In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Thir Aerie Caravan high over Sea's  
Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing

430 Easing thir flight; so stears the prudent Crane  
Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire  
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:  
From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song  
Solac'd the Woods, and spred thir painted wings

435 Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal  
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:  
Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd  
Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck  
Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rowes

440 Her state with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit  
The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre  
The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground  
Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds  
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Traine

445 Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue  
Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus  
With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,  
Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.

The Sixt, and of Creation last arose

450 With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said,  
Let th' Earth bring forth Foul living in her kinde,  
Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,  
Each in their kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait  
Op'ning her fertil Woomb teem'd at a Birth

455 Innumerous living Creatures, perfet formes,  
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose  
As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns

In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;  
Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:

460 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:  
Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks  
Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.  
The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd  
The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free

465 His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,  
And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,  
The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale  
Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw  
In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground

470 Bore up his branching head: scarce from his mould  
*Behemoth* biggest born of Earth upheav'd  
His vastness: Fleec't the Flocks and bleating rose,  
As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land  
The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.

475 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
Insect or Worme; those wav'd thir limber fans  
For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact  
In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride  
With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:

480 These as a line thir long dimension drew,  
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all  
Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde  
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd  
Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept

485 The Parsimonious Emmet, provident

Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,  
Pattern of just equalitie perhaps  
Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes  
Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer'd

490 The Female Bee that feeds her Husband Drone  
Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells  
With Honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,  
And thou thir Natures know'st, & gav'st them Names,  
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown

495 The Serpent sutt'l'st Beast of all the field,  
Of huge extent somtimes, with brazen Eyes  
And hairie Main terrific, though to thee  
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.  
Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld

500 Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand  
First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire  
Consummate lovly smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,  
By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt  
Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;

505 There wanted yet the Master work, the end  
Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone  
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd  
With Sancttie of Reason, might erect  
His Stature, and upright with Front serene

510 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,  
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes

Directed in Devotion, to adore

515 And worship God Supream, who made him chief  
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent  
Eternal Father (For where is not hee  
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man

520 In our similitude, and let them rule  
Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,  
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,  
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.  
This said, he formd thee, *Adam*, thee O Man  
525 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd  
The breath of Life; in his own Image hee  
Created thee, in the Image of God  
Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.  
Male he created thee, but thy consort

530 Female for Race; then bless'd Mankinde, and said,  
Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,  
Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold  
Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,  
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.

535 Wherever thus created, for no place  
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st  
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,  
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,  
Delectable both to behold and taste;  
540 And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food  
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yields,

Varietie without end; but of the Tree  
Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,  
Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;

545 Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,  
And govern well thy appetite, least sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.  
Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made  
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;

550 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixt day:  
Yet not till the Creator from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd  
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,  
Thence to behold this new created World

555 Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd  
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,  
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode  
Followd with acclamation and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd

560 Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire  
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heardst)  
The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,  
The Planets in thir station list'ning stood,  
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.

565 Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,  
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in  
The great Creator from his work returnd  
Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;  
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne

570 To visit oft the dwellings of just Men  
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
Thither will send his winged Messengers  
On errands of supernal Grace. So sung  
The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n,  
575 That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led  
To Gods Eternal house direct the way,  
A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold  
And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appear,  
Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way

580 Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest  
Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seventh  
Eev'ning arose in *Eden*, for the Sun  
Was set, and twilight from the East came on,  
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount  
585 Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne  
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,  
The Filial Power arriv'd, and sate him down  
With his great Father (for he also went  
Invisible, yet staid (such priviledge

590 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd,  
Author and end of all things, and from work  
Now resting, bless'd and hallowd the Seav'nth day,  
As resting on that day from all his work,  
But not in silence holy kept; the Harp

595 Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,  
And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,  
All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire

Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice  
Choral or Unison: of incense Clouds

600 Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.  
Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung,  
Great are thy works, *Jehovah*, infinite  
Thy power; what thought can measure thee or tongue  
Relate thee; greater now in thy return

605 Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day  
Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create  
Is greater then created to destroy.  
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt

610 Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine  
Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought  
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
The number of thy worshippers. Who seekes  
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves

615 To manifest the more thy might: his evil  
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n  
From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view  
On the cleer *Hyaline*, the Glassie Sea;

620 Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr's  
Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World  
Of destind habitation; but thou know'st  
Thir seasons: among these the seat of men,  
Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,

625 Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,

And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,  
Created in his Image, there to dwell  
And worship him, and in reward to rule  
Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,  
630 And multiply a Race of Worshippers  
Holy and just: thrice happie if they know  
Thir happiness, and persevere upright.  
So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,  
With *Halleluiah*s: Thus was Sabbath kept.  
635 And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd  
How first this World and face of things began,  
And what before thy memorie was don  
From the beginning, that posteritie  
Inform'd by thee might know; if else thou seekst  
640 Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

*The End of the Seventh Book.*

# Paradise Lost.

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## BOOK VIII.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Adam *inquires concerning celestial Motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledg: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own Creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and Nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.*

**T**HE Angel ended, and in *Adams Eare*  
So Charming left his voice, that he a while  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;  
Then as new wak't thus gratefully repli'd.  
5 What thanks sufficient, or what recompence  
Equal have I to render thee, Divine  
Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf't  
This friendly condescension to relate

10 Things else by me unsearchable, now heard  
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
With glorie attributed to the high  
Creator; something yet of doubt remaines,  
Which onely thy solution can resolve.

15 When I behold this goodly Frame, this World  
Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,  
Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,  
An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd  
And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle

20 Spaces incomprehensible (for such  
Thir distance argues and thir swift return  
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light  
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night; in all thir vast survey

25 Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,  
How Nature wise and frugal could commit  
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
So many nobler Bodies to create,  
Greater so manifold to this one use,

30 For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose  
Such restless revolution day by day  
Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,  
That better might with farr less compass move,  
Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines

35 Her end without least motion, and receaves,  
As Tribute such a sumless journey brought  
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;

Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.

So spake our Sire, and by his count'rance seemd  
40 Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which *Eve*  
Perceaving where she sat retir'd in sight,  
With lowliness Majestic from her seat,  
And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,  
45 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,  
Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung  
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.  
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her eare  
50 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,  
*Adam* relating, she sole Auditress;  
Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd  
Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
Chose rather; hee, she knew would intermix  
55 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip  
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now  
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?  
With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went;  
60 Not unattended, for on her as Queen  
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
And from about her shot Darts of desire  
Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.  
And *Raphael* now to *Adam's* doubt propos'd  
65 Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n  
Is as the Book of God before thee set,  
Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne  
His Seasons, Hours, or Dayes, or Months, or Yeares:

70 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,  
Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest  
From Man or Angel the great Architect  
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge  
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought

75 Rather admire; or if they list to try  
Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'n's  
Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move  
His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide  
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n

80 And calculate the Starrs, how they will weld  
The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive  
To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear  
With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,  
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:

85 Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess,  
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
The less not bright, nor Heav'n such journeys run,  
Earth sitting still, when she alone receaves

90 The benefit: consider first, that Great  
Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth  
Though, in comparison of Heav'n, so small,  
Nor glistering, may of solid good containe

More plenty then the Sun that barren shines,  
95 Whose vertue on it self workes no effect,  
But in the fruitful Earth; there first receavd  
His beams, unactive else, thir vigour find.  
Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries  
Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.

100 And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it speak  
The Makers high magnificence, who built  
So spacious, and his Line stretcht out so farr;  
That Man may know he dwells not in his own;  
An Edifice too large for him to fill,

105 Lodg'd in a small partition, and the rest  
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known.  
The swiftness of those Circles attribute,  
Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,  
That to corporeal substances could adde

110 Speed almost Spiritual; mee thou thinkst not slow,  
Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n  
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd  
In *Eden*, distance inexpressible  
By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,

115 Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew  
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.  
God to remove his wayes from human sense,

120 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,  
If it presume, might erre in things too high,

And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun  
Be Center to the World, and other Starrs  
By his attractive vertue and thir own  
125 Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these  
The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,  
130 Insensibly three different Motions move?  
Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,  
Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,  
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift  
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,  
135 Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele  
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,  
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day  
Travelling East, and with her part averse  
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part  
140 Still luminous by his ray. What if that light  
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,  
To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr  
Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night  
This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,  
145 Feilds and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest  
As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce  
Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate  
Allotted there; and other Suns perhaps  
With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie

150 Communicating Male and Femal Light,  
Which two great Sexes animate the World,  
Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.  
For such vast room in Nature unpossest  
By living Soule, desert and desolate,

155 Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr  
Down to this habitable, which returnes  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not,

160 Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n  
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,  
Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,  
Or Shee from West her silent course advance  
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps

165 On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,  
And beares thee soft with the smooth Air along,  
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,  
Leave them to God above, him serve and feare;  
Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,

170 Wherever plac't, let him dispose: joy thou  
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
And thy faire *Eve*; Heav'n is for thee too high  
To know what passes there; be lowlie wise:  
Think onely what concernes thee and thy being;

175 Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there  
Live, in what state, condition or degree,  
Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd

Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus *Adam* cleerd of doubt, repli'd.

180 How fully hast thou satisfi'd mee, pure  
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,  
And freed from intricacies, taught to live,  
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which  
185 God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,  
And not molest us, unless we our selves  
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions vain.  
But apt the Mind or Fancie is to roave  
Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end;  
190 Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learne,  
That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,  
195 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
And renders us in things that most concerne  
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.  
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
200 Useful, whence haply mention may arise  
Of somthing not unseasonable to ask  
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.  
Thee I have heard relating what was don  
Ere my remembrance: now hear mee relate  
205 My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard;

And Day is yet not spent; till then thou seest  
How suttly to detaine thee I devise,  
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,  
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply:

210 For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare  
Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labour, at the houre  
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,

215 Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine  
Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.  
To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek.  
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,  
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee

220 Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd  
Inward and outward both, his image faire:  
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace  
Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes,  
Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth

225 Then of our fellow servant, and inquire  
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man:  
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set  
On Man his Equal Love: say therefore on;  
For I that Day was absent, as befell,

230 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell;  
Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)  
To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,

Or enemie, while God was in his work,  
235 Least hee incenst at such eruption bold,  
Destruction with Creation might have mixt.  
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,  
But us he sends upon his high behests  
For state, as Sovran King, and to enure  
240 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut  
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong;  
But long ere our approaching heard within  
Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song,  
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.  
245 Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light  
Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.  
But thy relation now; for I attend,  
Pleas'd with thy words no less then thou with mine.  
So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.  
250 For Man to tell how human Life began  
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?  
Desire with thee still longer to converse  
Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep  
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid  
255 In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun  
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.  
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turnd,  
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd  
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,  
260 As thitherward endevoring, and upright  
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw

Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and sunnie Plaines,  
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these,  
Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,  
265 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,  
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.  
My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb  
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, and lively vigour led:  
270 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,  
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name  
What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light,  
And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,  
275 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,  
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?  
Not of my self; by some great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power præminent;  
280 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,  
From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier then I know.  
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,  
From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld  
285 This happie Light, when answer none return'd,  
On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours  
Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seis'd  
My droused sense, untroubl'd, though I thought

290 I then was passing to my former state  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:  
When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,  
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
My fancy to believe I yet had being,

295 And livd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,  
And said, thy Mansion wants thee, *Adam*, rise,  
First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd  
First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide  
To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.

300 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,  
A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees

305 Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw  
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree  
Load'n with fairest Fruit that hung to the Eye  
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found

310 Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream  
Had lively shadowd: Here had new begun  
My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide  
Up hither, from among the Trees appear'd  
Presence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw

315 In adoration at his feet I fell  
Submiss: he rear'd me, and Whom thou soughtst I am,  
Said mildly, Author of all this thou seest

Above, or round about thee or beneath.  
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine  
320 To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eat:  
Of every Tree that in the Garden growes  
Eate freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:  
But of the Tree whose operation brings  
Knowledg of good and ill, which I have set  
325 The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,  
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,  
Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
330 Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye;  
From that day mortal, and this happie State  
Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World  
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd  
The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
335 Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice  
Not to incur; but soon his cleer aspect  
Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.  
Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth  
To thee and to thy Race I give; as Lords  
340 Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.  
In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold  
After thir kindes; I bring them to receave  
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie  
345 With low subjection; understand the same

Of Fish within thir watry residence,  
Not hither summond, since they cannot change  
Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.  
As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold  
350 Approaching two and two, These cowring low  
With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.  
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood  
Thir Nature, with such knowldg God endu'd  
My sudden apprehension: but in these  
355 I found not what me thought I wanted still;  
And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.  
O by what Name, for thou above all these,  
Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,  
Surpassest farr my naming, how may I  
360 Adore thee, Author of this Universe,  
And all this good to man, for whose well being  
So amply, and with hands so liberal  
Thou hast provided all things: but with mee  
I see not who partakes. In solitude  
365 What happiness, who can enjoy alone,  
Or all enjoying, what contentment find?  
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,  
As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.  
What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth  
370 With various living creatures, and the Aire  
Replenisht, and all these at thy command  
To come and play before thee, know'st thou not  
Thir language and thir wayes, they also know,

And reason not contemptibly; with these  
375 Find pastime, and beare rule; thy Realm is large.  
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd  
So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,  
And humble deprecation thus repli'd.  
Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,  
380 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferiour farr beneath me set?  
Among unequals what societie  
Can sort, what harmonie or true delight?  
385 Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparitie  
The one intense, the other still remiss  
Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove  
Tedium alike: Of fellowship I speak  
390 Such as I seek, fit to participate  
All rational delight, wherein the brute  
Cannot be human consort; they rejoyce  
Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness;  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;  
395 Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle  
So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape;  
Wors then can Man with Beast, and least of all.  
Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.  
A nice and subtle happiness I see  
400 Thou to thy self proposest, in the choice  
Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste

No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.  
What thinkst thou then of mee, and this my State,  
Seem I to thee sufficiently possest  
405 Of happiness, or not? who am alone  
From all Eternitie, for none I know  
Second to me or like, equal much less.  
How have I then with whom to hold converse  
Save with the Creatures which I made, and those  
410 To me inferiour, infinite descents  
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?  
He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine  
The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes  
All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;  
415 Thou in thy self art perfet, and in thee  
Is no deficience found; not so is Man,  
But in degree, the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help,  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
420 Shouldst propagat, already infinite;  
And through all numbers absolute, though One;  
But Man by number is to manifest  
His single imperfection, and beget  
Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,  
425 In unitie defective, which requires  
Collateral love, and deerest amitie.  
Thou in thy secresie although alone,  
Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,

430 Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt  
Of Union or Communion, deifi'd;  
I by conversing cannot these erect  
From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.

Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd  
435 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd  
This answer from the gratiouſe voice Divine.

Thus farr to try thee, *Adam*, I was pleas'd,  
And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,  
440 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,  
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee  
Good reason was thou freely shouldſt dislike,  
And be ſo minded ſtill; I, ere thou ſpak'ſt,  
445 Knew it not good for Man to be alone,  
And no ſuch compagnie as then thou ſaw'ſt  
Intended thee, for trial onely brought,  
To ſee how thou couldſt judge of fit and meet:  
What next I bring ſhall please thee, be assur'd,  
450 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,  
Thy wiſh exactly to thy hearts deſire.

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now  
My earthly by his Heav'ly overpowerd,  
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtreind to the highth  
455 In that celeſtial Colloquie ſublime,  
As with an object that excels the ſenſe,  
Dazl'd and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair

Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.

460 Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell  
Of Fancie my internal sight, by which  
Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,  
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;

465 Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took  
From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,  
And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,  
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:  
The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;

470 Under his forming hands a Creature grew,  
Manlike, but different Sex, so lovly faire,  
That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now  
Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd  
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd

475 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,  
And into all things from her Aire inspir'd  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
Shee disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd  
To find her, or for ever to deplore

480 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:  
When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adornd  
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
To make her amiable: On she came,

485 Led by her Heav'ly Maker, though unseen,

And guided by his voice, nor uninformed  
Of nuptial Sanctie and marriage Rites:  
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,  
In every gesture dignitie and love.

490 I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd  
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,  
Giver of all things faire, but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see

495 Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self  
Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man  
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe  
Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;  
And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.

500 She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,  
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,  
Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,  
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,

505 The more desirable, or to say all,  
Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,  
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;  
I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,  
And with obsequious Majestie approv'd

510 My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre  
I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,  
And happie Constellations on that hour  
Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth

Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;  
515 Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires  
Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings  
Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,  
Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night  
Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Eevning Starr  
520 On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.  
Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought  
My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss  
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
In all things else delight indeed, but such  
525 As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,  
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies  
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, and Flours,  
Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here  
Farr otherwise, transported I behold,  
530 Transported touch; here passion first I felt,  
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake  
Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.  
Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part  
535 Not proof enough such Object to sustain,  
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps  
More then enoug; at least on her bestow'd  
Too much of Ornament, in outward shew  
Elaborate, of inward less exact.  
540 For well I understand in the prime end  
Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind

And inward Faculties, which most excell,  
In outward also her resembling less  
His Image who made both, and less expressing

545 The character of that Dominion giv'n  
O're other Creatures; yet when I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
And in her self compleat, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,

550 Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best;  
All higher knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her  
Looses discount'nanc't, and like folly shewes;  
Authority and Reason on her waite,

555 As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard Angelic plac't.

560 To whom the Angel with contracted brow.  
Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part;  
Do thou but thine, and be not diffident  
Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou  
Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,

565 By attributing overmuch to things  
Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.  
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,  
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well  
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,

570 Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self;  
Then value: Oft times nothing profits more  
Then self esteem, grounded on just and right  
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,  
The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,

575 And to realities yield all her shows:  
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
So awful, that with honour thou maist love  
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind

580 Is propagated seem such dear delight  
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaf't  
To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be  
To them made common and divulg'd, if aught  
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue

585 The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.  
What higher in her societie thou findst  
Attractive, human, rational, love still;  
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,  
Wherein true Love consists not; love refines

590 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat  
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause  
Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

595 To whom thus half abash't *Adam* repli'd.  
Neither her out-side formd so fair, nor aught  
In procreation common to all kindes

(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence I deem)

600 So much delights me as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies that daily flow  
From all her words and actions mixt with Love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd  
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;

605 Harmonie to behold in wedded pair  
More grateful then harmonious sound to the eare.  
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose  
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,  
Who meet with various objects, from the sense

610 Variously representing; yet still free  
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist  
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;  
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;

615 Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love  
Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix  
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?  
To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd  
Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,

620 Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
Us happie, and without Love no happiness.  
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy  
In eminence, and obstacle find none

625 Of membrane, joyn't, or limb, exclusive barrs:

Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,  
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure  
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need  
As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.

630 But I can now no more; the parting Sun  
Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles  
*Hesperean* sets, my Signal to depart.  
Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all  
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep

635 His great command; take heed least Passion sway  
Thy Judgement to do aught, which else free Will  
Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons  
The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.  
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,

640 And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall  
Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.  
Perfet within, no outward aid require;  
And all temptation to transgress repel.  
So saying, he arose; whom *Adam* thus

645 Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,  
Go heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,  
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever

650 With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.  
So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n  
From the thick shade, and *Adam* to his Bowre.

*The End of the Eighth Book.*

